

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XXXV.—No. 907.

SATURDAY, MAY 23rd, 1914.

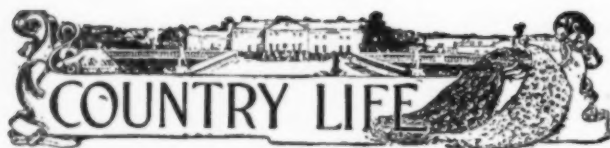
PRICE SIXPENCE. BY POST, 6ID.
[REGISTERED AT THE G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]



LALLIE CHARLES.

LADY HELEN FREEMAN-MITFORD.

67, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Frontispiece: Lady Helen Freeman-Mitford	721, 722
The Advance of Gardening. (Leader)	722
Country Notes	723
Spring Song, by Lady Margaret Sackville	721
Dietary, by Hugh Diphthong	724
The Falling Glass, by Algernon Blackwood. (Illustrated)	721
The Chelsea Flower Show. (Illustrated)	728
Agricultural Notes	730
Tales of Country Life: The Deliverer, by V. H. Friedlander	734
Ringed Solans on the Bass Rock, by J. M. Campbell. (Illustrated)	733
Labrador Retrievers in the Days of Colonel Hawker	735
In the Garden: The Coldest Place in England, by Marna Pease, etc. (Illustrated)	736
Country Home: Stobhall. (Illustrated)	738
Museum Education for Old and Young, by the Master of Christ's	744
Turtle-Turning in India, by Olive Tonge. (Illustrated)	745
Literature	747
My First Years as a Frenchwoman (Mme. Waddington).	
Trick Riding in the Cavalry. (Illustrated by G. D. Armour)	748
The Coming Cricket Season, by the Hon. R. H. Lytton	749
Lawn Tennis: The Coming Season, by T. R. Burrow	750
Tennis: Some Reflections on the Amateur Championship	750
On the Green: Some Impressions of the Ladies' Championship, by Bernard Darwin, etc. (Illustrated)	751
Habits of the British Avocet, by H. A. Bryden	752
Wild Country Life. (Illustrated)	753
Correspondence	754
Good Cottages, Well Built and Well Planned (E. Guy Dawber); A Stout Story of the Rev. J. G. Wood's; The Kindly Robin (A. G. Kealy); Heraldic Natural History (H. A. Bryden); Pigs and A "Drench"; Sheep at Play (Sylvia M. Crawford Caffin); Milking Sheep (F. H. Brooksbank); Oaks and Frost (Thomas W. Downing); The Caryatides in Park Lane; First Maternal Attention (N. F. Duncan); The "Lady Cow" or "Cow Lady" (Thos. Ratcliffe); Furcræa Bedinghausii (William Edward White); A Chinese Sunset (K. L. Murray); A Village Club Years Ago; A Baby Fox-cub (E. Vansittart Frere); Snake Catching (N. Turvey); Fox-terrier Mothering Chickens (M. B. Clark); Roosting (William J. Gordon).	
Racing Notes. (Illustrated)	3*
Answers to Correspondents	4*
Lesser Country Houses of To-day: Eastham Grange (Illustrated)	7*
Baroque	8*
Defects in Cottage Planning. (Illustrated)	11*
Polo Notes. (Illustrated)	12*
Kenel Notes, by A. Croxton Smith	14*
The Automobile World: Random Comment, etc. (Illustrated)	16*
Shooting Notes. (Illustrated)	24*
Modes and Moods. (Illustrated)	27*
Bedsteads Big and Little. (Illustrated)	30*
From the Editor's Bookshelf	32*
Railway Arrangements	34*
For Town and Country. (Illustrated)	36*

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied by stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

THE ADVANCE OF GARDENING.

ONE thing at least was made indisputably manifest to the visitor at the Royal Horticultural Society's Show at Chelsea. This was the vast amount of interest excited by the exhibition. One seemed to discern a change that has come with the years. Not so long ago attention was mostly concentrated on the individual plant. Visitors could be seen jotting down the names of what were to them new discoveries in the way of roses or other flowers; but nowadays the skilled amateur has passed beyond that stage, and the style of gardening has supplanted it. It may be said that all

gardening is and has been done for effect. The Victorians, who delighted in bedding plants, were after effect, just as certainly as the artist of to-day. But what they sought was merely colour. It mattered little what the hue might be so long as it came in big splashes. The era might be called that of the geranium. Thanks to the teaching of Miss Jekyll and Mr. Wm. Robinson, in chief, and to their followers in a lesser degree, the effect which the gardener of to-day tries to achieve is of a much more refined character. There is still plenty of room for the most brightly tinted flower, and the exhibition tent never was richer in this kind of plant. But it is used in a very different way.

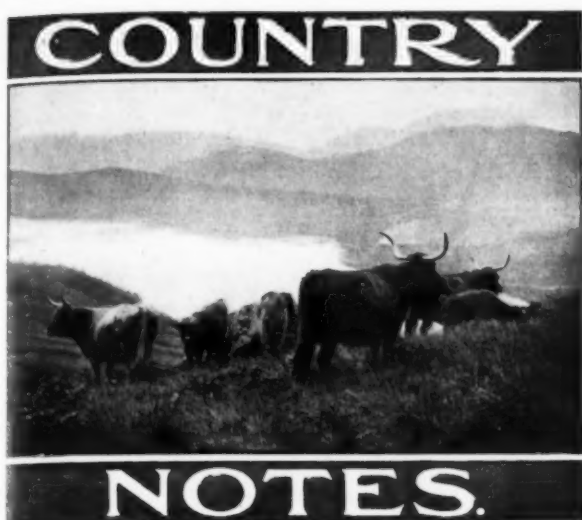
Many of the most pleasing pictures which the horticultural artist has worked out in terms of rock, water and saxifages are as quiet and refined as the light shades of colour which Nature passes across a mountain side just before the sun begins to go down. The exhibition, in the opinion of many who were qualified to judge, was the best held by the Society, and our opinion is that it had the effect of bringing together the most intelligent and critical spectators who have ever assembled on a similar occasion. The reason for this, of course, is that alike in the town and the country there has come about a welcome and strong revival of gardening. No doubt there are still many—and no blame to them for it—who look upon a garden chiefly as a place in which they may smoke and meditate in peace. A great statesman, for instance, whose mind is fully occupied with the difficult problems of the hour may, and probably does, obtain his enjoyment from the garden than the keenest gardener who does so unconsciously. The quiet beauty of the flower beds and alleys falls like healing upon his jaded mind. He thinks out his problems more effectively in such surroundings, and yet he scarcely realises what the surroundings are. It is a still more emphatic degree this is true of the man of business who often is so engrossed in his pursuit that he can throw his thoughts and anxieties neither by day nor night. Fortunately, we are not all so concentrated, and some people at any rate have the priceless gift of being able to, as it were, ungear and throw off the burden weighing upon them. They can give their minds to inventing a beautiful arrangement of flowers, constructing a rock garden, or gardening a walk, without being tormented by that black care which, Horace tells us, sits behind the horseman. When business is done they, figuratively speaking, draw down the shutters and enter upon their hobby, taking up the main thread again with renewed energy. We are inclined to think that they make the most intelligent of all gardeners, because they have too much mind to yield implicitly to the dominating fashion of the hour, and they are continually seeking to enlarge and vary their ideas.

There is a third class which makes gardening a main pursuit, and the number of such waxes annually. For gardening, as a pure amusement, is the best of all. Shooting driven grouse gives a certain satisfaction; landing a mighty salmon with very light tackle is a cause for legitimate triumph; driving a golf ball yields a healthy pleasure; but we doubt if any of them is quite so excellent as the occupation of our ancient Father, Adam. It is, therefore, all to the good that amateur gardeners are increasing in number, that they are applying a new taste and new intelligence to the growing and grouping of flowers, so that a fine garden to-day has the harmony of a fine melody. No doubt there must be a certain difference of opinion where all are so keen, and fashions change in the horticultural world as swiftly as anywhere else. Twenty years ago it was fashionable to exalt the natural garden; to-day, formal gardening seems to be in the ascendant, while rock gardening is attracting recruits from either side. The beautiful effects produced as if by some magician's wand in the Chelsea grounds, alike in the rock garden and the formal garden, could not possibly fail to give pleasure to all who love plants and flowers to whatever school they belong. The road may vary but the goal is the same to fix in flowers, the fairest of things created, the dream and the vision of beauty.

OUR FRONTISPIECE.

OUR portrait illustration is of Lady Helen Freeman-Mitford, the second daughter of the sixth Earl of Airlie, who married Major the Hon. Clement Bertram Ogilvy Freeman-Mitford, the eldest son of Lord Redesdale, in 1909.

* * It is particularly requested that no permissions to photograph houses, gardens or livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when application is made direct from the offices of the paper. When unofficial requests are received, the Editor would esteem the kindness of readers if they would at once forward the correspondence to him.



AN institution that has been of great service to the country during four centuries certainly furnishes very worthy occasion for such a centenary banquet as was held at Trinity House on Wednesday. The importance of the occasion drew together a most distinguished assembly, including Prince Arthur of Connaught, Prince Louis of Battenberg and the leading statesmen on both sides of the House. It was recalled that the Chartered Corporation of Trinity House was granted by Henry VIII. on May 20th, 1514; that is to say, the year after the Battle of Flodden. Henry, not without good cause, dreaded an attack from the sea by the sympathisers with Scotland, and no doubt his grant of a charter to Trinity House was part and parcel of the same policy that led to the strengthening of the Navy and the fortification of the harbours and landing places. It is true that the chief function of Trinity House was, in the words of Queen Elizabeth's Act, "to erect sea marks and to give licence to mariners to row in the River Thames"; but to-day "the sea-marks" which originally were the substitutes for church towers and other prominent buildings that had fallen into decay or been pulled down, include our gigantic system of lighthouses and their administration.

In the old fighting days it was not uncommon for a champion to fall before the fray was well begun. Has not Sir Walter Scott celebrated such an incident as occurring before the battle of Bannockburn, when an English warrior spurred in front of the rest to do battle with "Wallace wight"? A similar fate befel Mr. Travers, the American Champion, on the field at Sandwich. His, however, was a peaceful contest, and there is no reason why on another occasion he should not be able to vindicate his prowess. It happened that he had to meet a stubborn and skilled golfer in the person of Mr. Palmer, who, by the by, is thirty years older than he, and was suffering from lumbago; but Mr. Travers never seems to have got properly into his stride, while the Englishman, sticking to his game with characteristic pertinacity, improved as the day went on. His lumbago and the stiffness caused by it disappeared as though by magic, and he played the last holes with a brilliance worthy of the occasion. Mr. Ouimet only survived the ex-champion one round, and fell ingloriously to Mr. Tubbs on Wednesday.

Comparatively few people are aware of the excellent work that is being done for British livestock through the operation of the Development Fund. In reality it takes several forms. Attempts are being made to improve agricultural horses, cattle generally, and milk cows in particular. One important method of improving horses is to obtain the services of better stallions than those generally used by the farmer. Considerable success in this direction has already been achieved. About forty very good pedigree stallions are now travelling in districts where any sort of horse was thought good enough just recently. The same thing has been done with regard to cattle. A very large number—running to hundreds, we believe—of pedigree bulls have been sent into various districts where the ordinary ten pound bull formerly helped to produce stock which was unsatisfactory to the farmer and discreditable to the country. These are two very important points. At the moment, when we are threatened with a meat famine, every farmer who has got intelligence as well as an eye to the main chance will exert

every ounce of energy to increase his livestock both in numbers and quality. He is learning to know that it is impossible to get good beef unless good sires are used.

But perhaps the most important work of all is done in the way of encouraging dairy farmers to keep milk records. In spite of all the preaching and teaching that have been going on for upwards of a generation, very few indeed of those who keep cows make any pretence of taking and recording their yields of milk. This omission has been taken in hand seriously by the Board of Agriculture, and it has been suggested that to encourage the keeping of exact records it would be well if the Board would issue cow certificates to anyone who applied for them. These would have the validity of a Government certificate, and would be of the utmost service to the owner. Steps must, of course, be taken to see that the tally is correctly kept. The dairy farmer must make it a matter of routine for his men to mark the cow's yield in a sheet at each time of milking. Of course, it would not be practical to accept without checking in some way an account kept by the owner of the cow; but the Board of Agriculture has officers called Recorders who are empowered to step in and pay surprise visits at any time for the purpose of verifying the figures. They are working very cordially with the farmers and are undoubtedly doing a great deal of good.

Some remarks made at the Conference of the British Dairy Farmers' Association at Exeter show that in any new dairy legislation politicians will be treading on difficult ground. The various regulations now in force all add to the expense of producing milk, and the farmers feel this the more because their outlay in other directions has had to be increased. Foodstuffs continue to be very dear, and labour is very much more expensive. Mr. Walker of Bristol said at the Conference that in his parish "the rates used to be nominal, but now they are exactly a third of the rent," and that is a very serious consideration. The increase in the cost of labour he puts thus: "Whereas my grandfather paid his men six shillings (the highest wage in the parish) and my father thirteen shillings, I have to pay twenty-two shillings. The labourers get more out of the cows than I do." Now, it is very undesirable that the price of milk should be increased. It is the cheapest and most suitable food for poor children, and the utmost care should be taken in any new enactment that nothing will be done to make it so expensive as to place it beyond their reach.

SPRING SONG.

Now that the sun's at last come back
And the green hangs from every tree—
Oh! friends of mine, come up and pack,
Up and pack and away with me!
Over the green hill, over the brown,
Through wood and spinney and back again.
I know an Inn in a far off town;
And the scent of the gorse is in my brain.
I dreamt last night that I and you
And all the others were off and away.
If you dream so hard—well, it *must* come true!
Let us follow the dream for at least *one* day.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

In his "Science from an Easy Chair" Sir Ray Lankester on Monday gave the readers of the *Daily Telegraph* a most charming account of the manner in which he captured a baby seal in Pentargon Cove. He certainly had more luck than Hector had with the phoca, which knocked him down and then waddled out to sea. The lore about seals, which Sir Ray picked up on the spot, brought this incident to mind, because years ago the writer knew old men in Scotland who had taken seals exactly in the same way as they appear to have done in Cornwall. There are many caves on that rocky coast, and the seals are in the habit of coming into them to rest. The young men at low water, armed with clubs, made a raid on these caves. The "selkie," as he is called there, when alarmed, would make a rush to the water, and although not of a ferocious disposition, was very likely to knock down and injure anybody or anything that stood in the way. The skilful hunter knew that the vulnerable point was his nose, and a moderate blow on that part of his anatomy would lay the selkie dead. Sir Ray says that in Cornwall it was the custom to send the seals to London; but in the North of Scotland, during the hard times prevalent about the beginning of last century, the

selkie was joyfully accepted for local consumption. His flesh was eaten; his skin turned outside in became a warm and waterproof garment, and the oil extracted from his fat fed the "crusie," as they called the little cottage lamp in the days anterior to paraffin.

To go back to Sir Ray's adventure. He and his sisters had climbed down the face of the cliff in the hope of finding the seal cave or seeing its inhabitants swimming. In this they were disappointed; but Sir Ray Lankester was surprised to discover what he took at first for a white fur cloak left there by some previous visitor. On investigation this turned out to be a baby seal with "very large black eyes and a threatening array of teeth from which a defiant hiss was aimed at me." Not knowing at the time that the young seal does not take to the water till about six weeks old, they carried it down to the edge of the beach, but instead of waddling into the water, it waddled away from it, so it was placed among the rocks. The discovery having been made, unfortunately the little seal became an object of curiosity to the village boys, and would probably have come to a violent end if Sir Ray had not taken it to his hotel and fed it with milk. Ultimately he carried it to London and handed it over to the authorities at Regent's Park; but the people there, not so used to cater for young mammals separated from their dams as they are now, made the mistake of giving it stale cow's milk and it died. Nevertheless, it cannot be said to have lived in vain, since it inspired so very charming an account of the adventure.

Those of our readers who have followed closely the results of our Competition for Cottage Designs will be glad to learn that an exhibition of the prize designs, and of others which showed a good grasp of the problems, will be held at the Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street, W., from Tuesday, June 9th to Saturday, June 20th. The reproductions of the designs in our pages have necessarily been to a greatly reduced scale, and landowners and, indeed, everyone interested in the rural housing question, will be able at the exhibition to examine and compare the original drawings and the notable series of cottage models at their leisure. These models will give the layman a far better idea of what the cottages are like than the most careful architectural design that could have been constructed.

Elsewhere a good deal has been said about the many admirable æsthetic features of the Chelsea Exhibition, but a word is not out of place with regard to at least one utilitarian contrivance. We refer to the Pullen-Barry Transverse Travelling Hothouses. Here is a contrivance which will enable the market-gardener to do intensive cultivation on a scale hitherto unimagined. Its construction and so forth are critically examined in an article which has been for some time in type, and will be printed shortly. For the moment all that need be done is to direct the attention of growers to its immense potentialities. What French gardening aimed at it will accomplish on a gigantic scale. By it an acre of land can be worked in eleven removes, so that by its means the home market can be supplied to an endless extent with these early flowers, vegetables and fruits, for which up to now we have had to depend upon the foreigner.

Better unwritten, better unread, is the honest verdict to pass on Katherine O'Shea's biography of C. S. Parnell. In this tolerant age nobody of any sense wishes to pass judgment on the private life of his neighbour. It is recognised that every man is entitled to live according to his own standard so long as he does not interfere with the liberty of others to do the same. But Mrs. O'Shea, as she seems to prefer being called, instead of drawing a decent cloak round her dead lover, has called in the public to study not only his passion, cynicism and other attributes that were at least bold and manly, but all the petty deceits and meannesses—such defects as made Thackeray say no man was a hero to his valet. The suspicion is not unreasonable that a woman capable of doing this while so many of her and his most intimate relatives of the younger generation are alive was not very scrupulous in her use of colour. Such passages as those about Parnell's burning eyes are suggestive of devices familiar to the cheap sensational novelist.

It is to be hoped that Universal Penny Postage will be decided upon by the Triennial Conference of the Postal

Union, which is to be held in Madrid during next September. All Governments send representatives to the Conference, and its decisions are regarded as binding. Though nothing definite is known of the attitude of our own postal authorities, the matter being *sub judice*, it is very unlikely that they will be instructed to oppose the measure. Cheap Postal facilities are of such vital importance to the whole world that the proposal would be good even if it involved a certain financial loss. But, so far, every cheapening of the carrying rate has brought about such an enormous expansion in the postal business done that there has been no loss. Therefore we may hope that Universal Penny Postage will be a success even from the financial point of view, which is, as we have said, far and away the least important.

DIETARY.

O birds of melodious bill—

The blackbird-cum-throstle brigade—

That daily, as oft as you will,

My garden invade:

I watch you come down to the lawn

From the peas in the bourgeoning pod,

And gobble the worm irresistibly drawn

From the sod.

I marvel at what you can eat—

The bulk, the variety too,

For a diet that's wholly of meat

Won't satisfy you;

From a course of the succulent slug

Away to the peas you revert,

And, flitting again, from the cherry tree tug

Your dessert. . . .

I may be a strict devotee

In the great Vegetarian Cause,

But though the mere man I would see

Conform to its laws;

When I think of the fruit-spoiling crew

(The grub, and the snail, and—the worse)

The decree of No Meat I would rather, for you,
Reverse!

HUGH DIPHTHONG.

After the Pekingese, the Sealyham—that seems to be the order of the dog-days on the calendar for the present time. We may trace in the pictures of the humorous portrayals of society and its foibles the changing fashion in dogs just as clearly as in skirts and bonnets. The dog whose favour is now just a little on the wane, after passing the very zenith of fashion, is without question the little spaniel originally brought to this country after the sack of the Summer Palace at Peking. Before that, the dog of the day was the variety of Scotch terrier which is commonly called the Aberdeen. Was it immediately before him that we had the dachshund, or did the collie intervene? It is rather a tax on the memory to recall the exact order of their succession, and it would need a glance at those invaluable works of reference, the humorous picture papers, to assure us. Before the dachshund, in the mid-Victorian era, the fox-terrier had his innings, and now it is the Sealyham, that short-legged and, as it were, truncated edition of the fox-terrier, whose day is dawning, and no more quickly than his deserts, for he is as cheery and clever as he is quaint.

Commentators on our proverbial weather-wisdom have sometimes expressed a doubt whether the familiar saying about the oak before the ash heralding a splash and the ash before the oak foretelling a soak applied to the vernal donning of the foliage or to its autumnal fall. Probably the latter is the correct significance. In any case, it is remarkable by how many weeks the oak leaf has preceded that of the ash this season. The oaks, indeed, have been extraordinarily early. Right up to the middle of May it was possible, even in the southern shires of England, to see an oak in full summer foliage side by side with a beech standing in unashamed winter nudity. It is to be suspected that the unfolding of the earlier leaf was encouraged by the abnormally high temperature of some of the April days, while those that are later in their date of coming from the bud were retarded by the no less unusual cold of the last days of April and the first half of May.

THE FALLING GLASS.

By ALGERNON BLACKWOOD.

THE preparations were so interesting and suggestive that they almost compensated for the temporary loss of our expedition. For three days the calm and cloudless sky pretended that bad weather had left the world for ever. This sunny peace, this heaven without a stain, must always be. Our peak ran sharp and still into the spotless blue, and never could be otherwise. Its serene majesty seemed unassailable by any troubling thing, by weather least of all. Then, just when our security was greatest and we had resolved to start next day at dawn, my companion came in to supper darkly, with the ominous remark: "The glass has begun to fall a bit." This, for us, was the beginning of the change, the first we knew of it; in reality, of course, the actual beginning lay leagues away—many leagues and many hours—in Siberia or Norway, far out on the Atlantic or between the Sahara and the Mediterranean. The glass falling in our little mountain

valley was in reply to changes *there*. And this first hint of trouble communicated itself instantly to ourselves; it might be nothing or it might be grave. There was menace in it, and our sense of security was shaken, for the hearts of climbing men lie close enough to Nature; we were aware of possible attack. That tremor of the sensitive mercury was a presage of something coming; at any rate, of something trying to come. In spite of the depression, however, the warning brought a thrill of pleasure with it; the instinct of self protection stirred; it woke that adorable element in life—resistance against a hostile power that could not be trifled with and certainly not ignored. Somewhere, somehow, it was known that we had planned our great attack at dawn, and so a whisper travelled down from the enormous heights: "Beware! The enemy is on the move!" All this, and more, lay in the casual phrase: "The glass is falling."



Donald McLeish.

EVENING MISTS.

Copyright

And side by side with a natural annoyance there was this stimulus as well. For the beginnings of things are always very wonderful; alteration of what has been before, a new direction, purpose and independence, all these are involved in every true beginning. There is anticipation and surprise, promise of novelty, too; something is going to happen; it may be something quite unprecedented. Beginnings, being in the nature of creation, are beyond language marvellous; the beginning of a day or of a night; of anger, when a rising temperature and the hasting run of blood betray in us the lurking savage who kills naturally; of illness, with its sharp reminder that life one day *must* stop; of love, when the mere sound of a particular voice changes the old world's aspect; or of spring, when a new softness in the air, nameless by any sense, proclaims the gigantic arrival of an irresistible, flooding life. But the beginning of a storm—of what children call a "most awful and tremendous storm"—is so wonderful that it can easily eat up disappointment. For the preparations are so long and gradual, so sure, so steadily matured, so cumulative; at first so very negligible, yet with a hint of such genuine grandeur coming, that the blood is stirred, and the heart, first warned, then awed. He is a fortunate man who, in these sophisticated days, can find it in him to acknowledge this trace of the primitive spirit of worship. That faint, mysterious tremor that runs through Nature everywhere is divine in its calculated insignificance.

The animal and vegetable world at once respond to it; birds and fishes know, the insects know as well; trees note it and keep very still; all take their best precautions; and only men, not aware of it until it is too late, disregard the delicate warning at their peril. Few humans can feel that the pressure of the air has altered. They watch an instrument and whisper: "Ah, the glass is falling!" The change is born, of course, so very far away. How *should* they know? Culture has dulled their primitive awareness.

And that night the stars were ominously clear and brilliant. In the morning there were other signs as well. At three o'clock, just when the east was blushing with the night's first thought of parting, my companion called me, or rather came into my room. "Up already!" he exclaimed; "I just came in to see. What do you think of it? That barometer was a fraud." We went out upon the wooden balcony and saw the distant ridges mercilessly outlined in the growing light; the summits were near enough to throw a rope across.

"Too close," I said, with misgivings born of long experience.

"But look!" he objected, "there's not a single cloud." He loathed my caution, deeming it proud imagination only. "It's simply brilliant," he added, his young eagerness unspoiled by knowledge. I shook my older head. Some inborn instinct made me firm for once. Ten years before I should have been overridden, and have started on our perilous two days' climb with ample hope.

"It's a whole day to the hut," I reminded him, "and then—suppose we wake to mist and wind and possibly driving snow! Let's wait till we're certain and the glass is rising slowly. For instance, look at *that*!" And I pointed to a narrow straw of vapour that trailed clingingly across the first huge precipice, five hours away, good going. It was tinged with a faint, transparent pink—unduly luminous.

"That's nothing," he exclaimed contemptuously, "mere bit of early morning mist. Why, I've known—"

"But it's too low down," I interrupted. "On the top it would not matter, it has no business *there*. It means changed or changing temperature."

He shivered in his thin pyjamas, yet did not realise that dry cold need not have made him shiver. In the night a new thing had crept in upon the valley—dampness.

"And listen," I added, as the tops of the pines below the balcony stirred with a rustling sound that as quickly died away again.

"The morning wind," he cried, "that's all."

"But the sound of falling water with it. The north or east—good winds—would not move a single branch down here. Observe the lie of the land." He did so grumpily enough.

"It's from the south," I observed, "and it's blowing *up* the valley."

"There's hardly any wind at all, anyhow," he said, impatiently.

"Only what there is is southerly. The wind has changed. You feel its dampness? That damp is evil. Why, man, you can smell it!" For a strong odour of earth and grass and growing things lay behind the exquisite morning

freshness of the dawn, and the fragrance, though so pleasant, was suspicious. It was moisture that brought it out.

"Oh, you know best, I suppose," he growled, "though it looks all right, and I should call it perfect." He glanced at me with a trifle more respect, however—that change of wind *had* shaken his confidence!—then shrugged his shoulders and moved off reluctantly to bed. "You tell the guides, then," he added, with resignation, and was gone before he caught my answer: "if they're fools enough to come!"

But the guides, of course, put in no appearance. They ought, by rights, to have ascertained the "Herr's" decision, but took it for granted his opinion would be their own. I admit there was this childish pride and pleasure in the disappointment, and to be right even in prophesying disaster is a satisfaction somewhere. It was the "Herr's" pleasure, however, to sit up and watch this marvellous beginning of a "tremendous awful storm." The preparations for its splendid climax were so indecipherably faint, yet so carefully thought out and planned, that though the brilliance of last night's stars had announced their coming, six hours had passed and brought them apparently no nearer. The storm was being massed for attack below the edges of the visible world. One thought of it as a living, monstrous thing that would presently come crowding and crashing down the heavens, alive for miles, and full of violent fury. It was too gigantic to move quickly; each separate detail must be trained and ready before the accumulated blow could fall; but hints of wind and moisture, like delicate antennæ, were stretched out in advance to warn the sensitive nerves of those who had them.

I brewed some chocolate, and, with rugs and blankets on the narrow balcony, I watched the paling stars. This slow beginning of terrific weather thrilled me. It was unbelievably slow, unnecessarily cautious; its growth, unhasting but unhindered, brooked no interference, however, and there was a hint of diabolical thoroughness in the steady way beginning crept towards fulfilment. All Nature was pressed into the service; the entire firmament laboured to one given end. The imagination became conscious almost of personal direction in this consummate marshalling of such huge forces in sympathetic combination. Yet once or twice, for all my pride of certainty—particularly at half-past five, for instance, when the advance seemed stayed—I confess I had misgivings, and was tempted to wake my friend again and scold the guides for their inexcusable delay. For the weather held so still and brilliant. "Look at the sky!" I would have cried to the men. "How could *you* have been deceived by those false, transient signs of change?" Some deity of luck preserved me from their inevitable answer: "We thought the 'Herr' could have told what's surely coming!"

It was of marvellous, though sinister, beauty, well worth the loss of hours of beauty sleep, even worth the loss of the expedition as well, to see the wonder of the dawn across the awful heights, falling on cliff and ridge, and stealing along the high, faint snowfields in the break between the periods. The colours may be guessed, but not described, with the aspect of veiled terror that they wore, of menace in the strange diffusion of the light, and in the apparent innocence of sun and shadow that draped their changed expression. For everywhere expression was otherwise than on an innocent morning. The rising of the mist valley out of sleep, the creeping light, the guileless freshness of the air that brought the tumbling water loud and close, the general stillness, peace and calm—all these were different, but oh! so little different, to their normal aspect when the glass stood high. It was mere pretence, of course. The coming violence attempted to steal unnoticed and unawares upon the sky. Behind that treacherous calm it piled up forces that presently would shake the mountains and make the old woods howl. Yet at six o'clock the big peaks still looked friendly in the crystal morning atmosphere, and it was not till nearly nine that these first assurances of a perfect day began to fade. They passed, slipping away with an unnoticed skill that suggested cunning. No clouds were visible, and no wind to mention stirred, but there crawled into the air a certain dimness that lessened the first unearthly brilliance. Something waned, and the sting of the sharp, delicious heat was gone. Less than haze, it yet took the flash out of the sunshine, and while sound grew clearer, closer, the outlines of both trees and peaks stood blurred a little. Few would have noticed any definite change as yet, none, perhaps, but very keen observers with an interest at stake; but by half-past ten there lay an observable shadow over the entire heavens, cast by no cloud, but as though the tide of light rushed down, then halted and drew back. It was a curious, faint veil before eleven, and an hour later it had dimmed the normal

blaze of noon, yet with a glare of unpleasant brilliance that hurt the eyes.

And then, from noon till perhaps after two o'clock, there came a pause when nothing happened, and only a great thick stillness settled over everything. And the pause was ominous, freighted with presentiment; the freshness of the upland world was gone entirely; it seemed a dull,

entire heavens wrote the letters clear. For as the light had piled in waves upon the eastern sky, the west had given its too early answer, and the suspicious radiance that had brought so grand a dawn was of the same evil quality that had lit the stars too exquisitely the night before. By four o'clock, then, just as the shadows lengthened steeply in the nearer gorges, a delicate trail of fine-spun cloud came thinning



Donald McLeish.

DISPERSING CLOUDS.

Copyright.

exhausted, burnt-out day. The smell of grass and earth became more marked, and there were soft touches of moisture in the eyes and on the skin; the flies were "sticky," their clogging of the face and hands persistent, and that state of irritation known as "nerves on edge" required steady handling. But though outwardly all this time the signs had seemed minute, they had really been gigantic, and the

down the sky from south to north at an incredible height above the tallest peaks. So tenuous as to be scarcely visible, it lined the atmosphere where no clouds were, and at five o'clock, when the afternoon was waning, there appeared as if by magic, in several spots at once, small patches of isolated mist that had darkness on their underside. Below the giddy ridge where our proposed night shelter perched—the hut—

they gathered suddenly into a single line, and fifteen minutes later there was a barrier of dirty-looking cloud that was rising—rising in places at considerable speed. On the edges it leaped and coiled with a kind of hurrying impatience. And all this time—these twenty hours of interval—the entire heavens had conspired together to produce no more than this thickening cloud that was the first visible sign a townsman need have noticed with anxiety. The peaks, however, were close enough to touch; a stifling, oven heat, airless as a concert hall, hung everywhere; there was a strange, deep stillness; and from the distant upper pastures the sound of cow-bells came queerly down the village street. The birds had ceased their singing long before.

The wreaths and lines of vapour meanwhile spread and thickened, gaining ground, some rising, others sinking, new centres forming everywhere with a rapidity that argued detailed preparation. A coiling mist wrapped hurriedly about one summit after another, yet leaving the actual top in shining light. A ring was round the sun, immensely distant from it, with a diameter of many miles of sky. The heat in the valley, pressed down and running over, made breathing increasingly oppressive; the sunlight filtered badly and unevenly. The peasants looked skywards and said no word, but barn doors were shut and the cattle came to water early in the nearer pastures. In spots the air grew colder, and then suddenly, with dramatic abruptness, solitary puffs of heated wind came rushing up our valley from the south. Heralded by clouds of dust they passed and went their way, first having tossed the waiting trees, not twice, but once, rattled the windows, closed the open doors—went their way upwards to bear word that all was ready for the main attack.

Long, ominous silences followed them, but with the lurid sunset the change, so long maturing, dropped swiftly. At dusk there was heavy roaring in the mountains as the

winds let loose against the darkening cliffs. It was audible even on our balcony. And, before the appointed time, there fell a sea of blackness on the world that blotted out in less than a dozen minutes the last vestiges of sunset or of gleaming, distant snow. By 7-30 the true wind began to rise, or, properly speaking, began to reach us in our sunken hollow. Up the valley like a crying voice it swept, in no puffs now, but in a steady torrent. It wailed and moaned. None perhaps but a climber knows that desolate sound, that strange, wild whistling among rocks and trees, that shrill and angry calling to the earth. It is a threatening sound. He hears a host of javelins and lances flying, for he knows the sting and pierce of that sharp, wetted wind. There is grim foreboding in it, and presentiment in the hot and empty pauses that lie between the heavy gusts. And the upper wind came down to meet it. Again the deep roaring became audible, though where no man could tell, for it was everywhere and filled the inky sky. It descended with its little howl from the iron fastnesses of scree and precipice and from the bitter snowfields that had iced its fury. It was a wind that could blow a man from the securest foothold into space, mow down the older trees like matches, and even loosen rocks. It seemed the mountains stooped to heave their shoulders at it, driving it down with crashing power upon our village between the forests.

We had little sleep that night. The storm was, of course, the worst that had ever been known. It lasted with unabated fury and with torrential rain for forty hours. Its suddenness, the unlightened said, was so extraordinary. It came, as it seemed, out of a clear and harmless sky. Only the few who watched as we had watched knew of its marvellous genesis and careful growth, its gradual and distant preparation, the birth of its small beginning hours and hours before it came.

THE CHELSEA FLOWER SHOW.

THE great Spring Show of the Royal Horticultural Society that opened at the Chelsea Hospital Grounds on Tuesday last easily creates a record. Although not quite so extensive as the great International Show of 1912, it was much larger than last year's display, and, generally speaking, the quality of the exhibits left little to be desired. Rock and formal gardens formed the principal features, but the latter could scarcely claim to be so well designed and planted as they were last year. There is a tendency to use stone too extensively, without due regard to the arrangement of the plants or of providing proper places for them to grow in. The rock gardens, however, were in most instances good. It was interesting to note that nearly every exhibitor used beautifully weathered and highly stratified limestone, and there was no doubt about the superiority of this over the rough sandstone blocks that were fancied in one or two instances.

It is impossible in an article of this kind to give more than a *résumé* of the principal features of a show of such magnitude as this. In the formal gardens Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. had a delightful and practically designed terrace garden in the Old English style. This was enclosed in low, dry retaining walls of Horsemombe facing stone, the upper tier being surrounded with clipped yew hedges, with buttressed recesses planted to colour scheme with May-flowering tulips and *Thalictrum adiantifolium*, and edged with *Nepeta Mussinii*. In the centre was a formal lily pool with several

fine wisterias in Japanese pots. The garden house and archway in the corner were of ecclesiastical design, a point that is quite justified, as some of the most attractive features that we know in old gardens are the remnants of ecclesiastical architecture.

Near by Messrs. J. Carter and Co. had an oblong formal garden with low, dry retaining walls, the interstices of which were planted with many kinds of suitable flowers. The



IN THE FORMAL GARDEN ARRANGED BY MESSRS. PULHAM AND SONS.

flagstone pathways that intersected the garden in various directions were bordered with turf, and behind this the broader borders were thickly planted with rhododendrons—scarcely the sort of shrubs one would fill a garden of this kind with. The stone garden house was attractive, but the dovecot, also made of stone, appeared top-heavy, and would scarcely have provided a congenial home for the birds.

Messrs. Pulham's effort was a large circular garden with tooled stone balustrade and a large fountain in the centre.

Leading up to this were stone and timber pergolas, the pathways being rendered in natural random paving. A few more flowers in the formal beds would, we think, have added to the attractiveness of this, but only very subdued colours would have been permissible.

In the rock gardens, that shown by Messrs. Wood and Sons was particularly pleasing. The outcrop of highly

Mr. George Mount had a very fine group of the crimson *Excelsa* and other ramblers, and it is interesting to note how popular this beautiful variety is becoming. In addition they had a splendid arrangement of cut blooms, *Sunburst* and *Richmond* being two of the most enjoyable.

Messrs. Frank Cant and Co.'s display took the form of a steep bank, the back of which was composed of

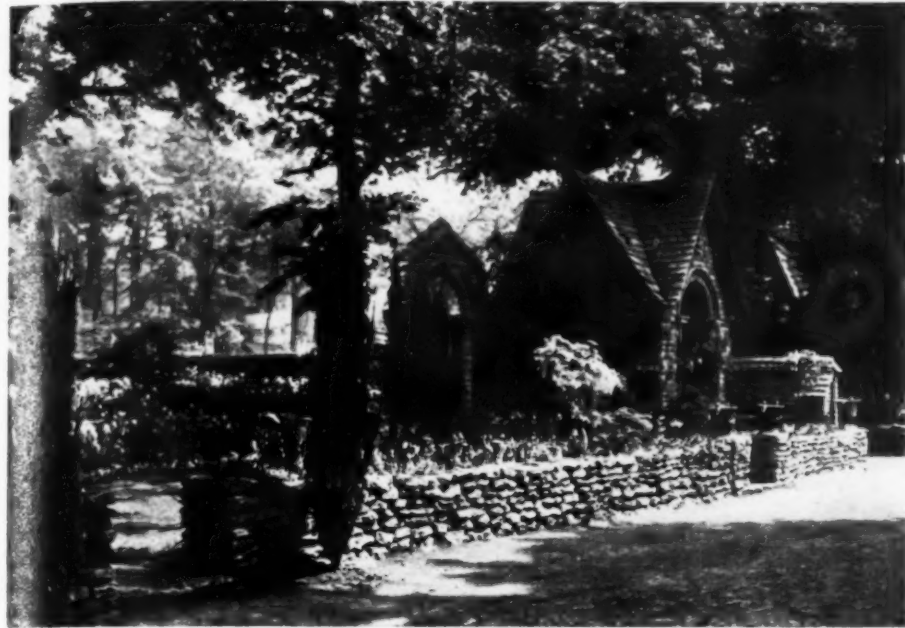
ramblers with cut blooms of each variety in the foreground. A new seedling rose of considerable interest in this group was *Brairwick Charm*. This is a *wichuraiana* with yellowish flowers, and is claimed to be the nearest approach to perpetual flowering that has been raised, the flowers continuing from June to well into August. Another new variety of the hybrid tea section was *Hercules*. This has beautiful blush pink flowers, which are particularly fragrant.

Mr. G. Prince's group contained a very beautiful variety named *Chatillon Rambler*. This has exceedingly pretty pink, semi-double flowers with yellow centres. Undoubtedly it is one of the roses of the future. *Tausendschön*, with large, frilled, soft pink flowers, was another particularly charming rambling variety in this exhibit.

In the tents one of the most interesting exhibits was a

superb collection of alpinines in pots from Sir Everard Hambro. This comprised such a collection of rarities as has seldom been seen, but the outstanding feature was nearly a hundred flowering plants of *Saxifraga longifolia* and its varieties.

A great object-lesson to be learned from this exhibition is the variety of beautiful greenhouse plants that can be



DRY RETAINING WALL AND GARDEN HOUSE IN MESSRS. WALLACE'S EXHIBIT.

stratified limestone from a grassy bank was very natural, and the tumbling stream of water was very well designed. A salmon pink azalea at one corner was the only jarring note in a very beautiful arrangement. Messrs. Pullham and Messrs. R. Wallace and Co. also had very good rock gardens. That from the first-named firm took the form of bold, rugged crags of limestone bordering a rather deep gully down which water was cleverly arranged to flow. Messrs. Wallace's garden was a natural outcrop of limestone from a grassy bank, and the planting here was exceptionally well done.

In the great tent, where all the flowers except orchids were arranged on the floor, the chief features were roses, carnations, orchids and greenhouse plants from seeds. The roses were wonderfully good, and considerable taste was exercised in displaying them.

The group from Messrs. Cutbush and Sons was a particularly effective one, being for the most part composed of ramblers and polyanthas. In the centre was a tall basket filled with *Dorothy Perkins* (pink), supported by pillars clothed with pink ramblers, and at the base such polyantha varieties as *Erna Tersendorff* (crimson), *Katherine Zimet* (white) and *Baby Tausendschön* (shell pink) were massed to give a splendid contrast of colour.

In Messrs. W. Paul and Sons' group there were a great many large flowered roses, in addition to some beautiful ramblers. Among the latter were *Tausendschön*, *Kalmia* a new rambler, with prettily twisted petals and a delightful shade of pink; and *Sodenia*, another new rambler of a colour between *Dorothy Perkins* and *Excelsa*. Of the large flowered varieties mention must be made of Mrs. Charles Hunter, a new hybrid tea, which may best be described as a very much glorified *Lady Battersea*.



FLAGGED PATHWAY AND GARDEN HOUSE SHOWN BY MESSRS. CARTER AND CO.

raised from seeds. Some of the more interesting were red and white stocks, the loose-flowered kinds that are so much more graceful than those where the blossoms are packed tightly on the stems; *schizanthuses*, dainty flowers that remind one of poised butterflies of many hues; *calceolarias*, with their curious pouch-like blossoms; *cinerarias* of star-flowered and large-blossomed types; *Primula obconica* of many colours, *salpiglosses* and *clarkias*.

Although the Darwin and other May-flowering tulips had passed their best stage in most of the exhibits, a few groups were very fresh and good. There is a wonderful colour range in these flowers, and as they have long stout stems and last well water, they are ideal for cutting. Zulu (blackish maroon), in Pride of Haarlem (rosy cerise), Ellen Willmott (yellow), Professor Rawenhoff (bright rose pink), Bouton d'Or (deep yellow), The Bishop (blue purple), King Harold (crimson maroon), Miss Moon (yellow), Clara Butt (varying shades of soft pink), Inglescombe Pink and Gesneriana (brilliant scarlet) were some of the most pleasing varieties.

Orchids were more beautiful than ever, but we sadly missed the magnificent group that we are accustomed to see from Lieutenant-Colonel Sir George Holford. Sir Jeremiah Colman had a very beautiful group, which, if smaller than usual, was full of interest and high quality. Most of the Odontodas in this group were seedlings that had been raised at Gatton Park, and one magnificent plant carried no fewer than two hundred of its brilliant scarlet orange flowers. The Duke of Marlborough also sent Orchids from Blenheim, Dendrobiums, Cattleyas and Brasso-Cattleyas all being good.

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE MANURING OF POTATOES.

IN the new number of the Journal of the Board of Agriculture there is a valuable summary of experiments that have been carried out in manuring potatoes. The first is that if the value of farmyard manure is reckoned at 4s. a ton, a dressing of 20 tons gave a profit of £5 16s. per acre. A dressing of 15 tons gave 13s. less, or £5 3s. per acre. These figures curiously bear out the opinion of practical farmers that 15 tons an acre is a fair manuring for the crop, and probably the most economical. By paying 20s. more for manure, an addition in the return of 13s. was made, so that the value was not returned. We are told that no account was taken in these calculations of the residual value of the manure. The omission is surely a very important one. In practice it is not unusual for as much as 30 tons of farmyard manure to be put on for potatoes, with the idea that the overplus is available for the next crop. We are told also that the addition of 1cwt. sulphate of ammonia to the farmyard manure gave a profitable return each year, and a further addition of 4cwt. superphosphate resulted in a profit in nine years out of eleven. Here again experiment has confirmed the practice of skilful potato growers. It appears that the largest average yield and the highest average profit have been obtained from a complete dressing of artificials, namely, of 1cwt. of sulphate of ammonia, 4cwt. superphosphate and 1cwt. muriate or sulphate of potash, with 15 tons of farmyard manure. A slightly higher yield was obtained from muriate than from sulphate of potash in the mixture. Experiments carried out between 1908 and 1913 show clearly that it is not advisable, as a rule, to apply any one of the three manures—superphosphate, sulphate of ammonia and muriate of potash—in greater quantities than those given above. Thus there is nothing very new in the report; but it is satisfactory to have the methods of good farmers confirmed by scientific experiment. It is greatly to be desired, however, that the residual values of the manures should be ascertained. We have found good potato growers, who are not as a rule grounded in scientific method, but rely on their practical skill and knowledge, hold very firmly to the conviction that if you manure potatoes with 15 tons of farmyard manure to the acre, the result is a satisfactory crop and an economical return for the outlay, and that the land is not improved remains in exactly the same state of fertility in which it was before being set with potatoes. We cannot think this to be altogether accurate, and, indeed, there are difficulties in the way of finding out the residual value of the manure used. We have to remember that cultivation counts for a great deal. A good grower usually turns up the land twice or even three times before the potatoes are put in. They are set in drills, the ridges being divided so as to cover the seed; in that way the soil receives a considerable exposure to the atmosphere—in itself almost as good as manuring. Then the ridges are harrowed down to kill the annual weeds and give the plants a chance. After that they are hoed and cleaned finally, being once more drilled into ridges—set up, as the farmers say. Here is treatment that would of itself greatly increase the fertility of the soil, whatever might be the quantity of manure employed.

STORE CATTLE PRICES IN RELATION TO FAT.

In conversation with farmers I have frequently found a good deal of misconception existing in their minds as to the relation in which the price per hundredweight of store cattle stands to that of fat cattle ready for the butcher. It does not tend to remove this misconception when we find it stated—as we frequently do—in agricultural papers and by agricultural teachers that the price per hundredweight of store cattle must be so many shillings less than what the same cattle are expected to fetch in the following spring when fat. As a matter of fact, the relation of the one to the other varies throughout the whole year, and it varies also according

to the cost of feeding and other circumstances; and an unvarying relationship, applicable to the whole year, cannot be stated. There is only one reliable way in which to determine the price that can be afforded for stores, and that is to work out a rough balance-sheet for each particular lot bought. Some few years ago, when fat cattle were selling for an average of about 36s. per hundredweight in the spring, I found that, if the then cost of feeding, the following prices could be afforded for suitable stores in the previous year:

	Per cwt.
	s. d.
Month of January in previous year	30 0
Month of May in previous year	35 6
Month of November in previous year	30 0

At intermediate periods the price was, of course, intermediate. The variations in price were due to the varying costs of the live weight put on. Between January and May this cost was high, between May and November it was low. It will be seen that in May the same price per hundredweight could be given for the animals as stores as they were expected to realise when fat, but at no other period of the year could the same be said.

The following is an approximate balance-sheet for an animal at that time (a few years ago):

	s. d.	£ s. d.
May (say) 5½cwt. at 35 6		9 15 4
Increase between May and following spring 5½cwt. at 35 6 (average)		9 15 4
	11 cwt. at 35 6	19 10 6

The increase of 5½cwt. was made up (a) of about 2½ cheap cwt., put on in summer at about 21s. per cwt., and (b) about 2½ dear cwt., put on during the fattening winter period, at about 50s. per cwt., average 35s. 6d. per cwt. It would always be possible to pay the same price per cwt. for good stores in May as the average fat price in the following spring, provided the cost of summering and fattening did not exceed the same figure. For instance:

	£ s. d.
5½cwt. in May at 40s.	11 0 0
5½cwt. increase at 40s. (average)	11 0 0
11 cwt. in following spring at 40s.	22 0 0

If the cost of the increase was more, less would have to be given for the stores, but if the cost of the increase was less, more could be given for the stores than 40s. per cwt. I do not happen to have very accurate data available at the moment as to the cost this last year of fattening, as compared with the time when the first mentioned figures were determined. The cost of summering has not been appreciably altered since then, nor has the cost of turnips or hay, but feeding stuffs are higher and wages are somewhat higher. These would, however, be covered, I should say, by an increase of 10 per cent. So we get the following:

	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
May, 1914, 5½cwt. at 42s.		11 11 0
Summer, 1914, 2½cwt. at 21s.	2 17 9	
Fattening, 1914-15, 2½cwt. at 55s.	7 11 3	
	10 9 0	
When fat spring, 1915, 11cwt. at 40s.		22 0 0

Assuming, therefore, that one may look forward to an average price of 40s. per cwt. for beef next spring, there seems no great reason for grumbling if 42s. has to be given for stores during this month. If farmers must give more than that, then they must hope that for every extra shilling they give per cwt. for their stores, beef will be 6d. per cwt. more than the 40s. I have reckoned on. In speaking as I have done, I have had in my mind (a) North Country conditions, (b) a good class of English bred shorthorn grade cattle calculated to weigh 11cwt. in spring, and (c) I have left out of account (as one must do) market fluctuations due to special causes.

J. C.



TALES OF COUNTRY LIFE.

THE DELIVERER.

BY
V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.



"HOW are you, Mrs. Denny? It's nice to see you again. And is my room free?" Rupert Swale opened

his eyes, and his lips formed a comprehensive monosyllable. His deck chair, set in the rough grass of the orchard, was out of sight of the front door and the speaker, but he could guess well enough what was happening. The Whitsuntide rush with which Mr. Denny had more than once good-humouredly threatened him was becoming an accomplished fact. Someone—some woman, too, to add to the constraint of it—had been swept on the wave of that rush up to his cherished retreat, though it stood—goodness knew!—far enough back from the sea, and even from the village.

The whole thing, with its prospect of collisions and awkwardnesses and intrusions on his golden, secret moment, flashed through his mind in the second that elapsed before Mrs. Denny answered.

"Well, now, Miss," she said, in her ample, motherly way, "I'm right sorry about your room, but it can't be helped. Your lilac tree's out, Miss, sure enough, though, and you can see it this very minute."

Rupert Swale sprang to his feet as the meaning of that penetrated his mind, but he was not quick enough to escape. And as the intruders came in sight one of them gave a little gasp.

"Rupert!" she cried.

They gazed at each other. "Why—Katherine!" Like her, he was surprised; like her, too, pleased; but, mingled with the surprise and the pleasure was, in his case, rather acute embarrassment.

"But—but you're on a desert island, planting tea!" was her protest against his incredible corporeal presence.

"No; I'm taking my long leave this year; I'll tell you all about it."

By his distressed glance at Mrs. Denny, Katherine perceived that the first thing was to dispose of that excellent woman, who was already becoming exclamatory.

"Mrs. Denny," she said, gaily, "you're witnessing a miracle. Mr. Swale is my cousin, and we spent most of our childhood in the same village, but we haven't met now for six years. In spite of which, I can't forget that I'm desperately thirsty. Is it too early—?"

"For a cup of tea?" Mrs. Denny's motherliness instantly ousted her exclamatoriness, and she bustled into the house.

"Now!" Katherine said, gleefully, and slipped her arm through his. "Let's go to the top of the orchard, Ru, so as to have longer before we are captured for that tea. Didn't I manage it neatly?"

"Rather!" he agreed. And, indeed, his first impression of this six years older Katherine was one of increased neatness—of a finish in demeanour that used to be altogether absent. In the old days there had been a sort of shrinking appeal about her plainness, as of one who was always conscious of it and making allowances for its effect, or, rather, absence of effect on people. For there had never been anything repulsive about it; it was just plainness—dark, sallow, thin plainness. Another quick glance at her assured him that it was, strictly speaking, as much plainness as ever, and yet—by the very fact that she had somehow in these six years learnt to ignore it, to rise superior to it, it was certainly less plainness than it had ever been. What had had that effect on her? She had been, he remembered, still at Newnham when he left England, but she had been going in for something—what was it?—something rather unpleasant and suggestive of drains. Oh, yes, that was it!—sanitary inspection had been Katherine's incomprehensible choice of a profession. Well, it seemed to have agreed with her. But he had to leave that, for he had only the moment until they reached the top of the orchard to decide on his own course. Katherine had let his arm go now, and was speeding in front of him down the narrow path between the slender, grey-green poles of the cherry trees. The path made straight for a point that caught at the heart with a sweet constriction of joy—the point at which a stream threaded the grass and set a boundary

the orchard. On the far side of the stream two laburnums, leaning over its clear shallows, saw their gold reflected in it—touched with magic—etherealised.

"I had to catch it again—at just this week," Katherine explained.

It was as though she picked up their old, easy relationship exactly where they had left it six years ago; she was not going to be vociferous or even curious. And suddenly he knew that he was going to tell her everything—even the things he had not been able to tell himself.

She had sat down on a log by the stream's edge, and he sat beside her.

"It wasn't really my leave," he said, abruptly. "There hasn't been a chance for either of us to get away till this year, and then we tossed for it, and Chater won. But—he swopped with me in the end; it was decent of him. He saw I was getting—oh, nervy, and they both said they could hang on for another year. He's married lately, you know—the girl came out from England to him—and since then, of course, it's been better for him." He paused. "They've both been jolly to me, and I've comfortable quarters myself and all that, but, of course, there's a lot of time one spends alone, and it's not like having a home, and—naturally—there's no one there to whom I come first."

Katherine's grey-gloved hands lay loosely clasped on the skirt of her dark blue travelling suit; she had acquired, he noticed, among other things, the very perfect quality of stillness.

"Yes, it must be awful," she said, slowly, as though a picture of it had risen before her eyes.

"So you see," he was encouraged to go on, "what Chater really gave me was not just his leave, but a chance to come home and—marry." His laugh was nervous. "I've never put it quite so crudely before, Katherine, even to myself, and, of course, they didn't, but I think it was at the back of all our minds. The loneliness—the loneliness. . . ." He felt her share it. "Well, I sat down to write to your father, Katherine, and tell him I was coming. I've no nearer relatives now, you know. And then, suddenly, I thought I wouldn't."

It seemed as though the reason for that would never be forthcoming, yet something in the stream of gold beneath their eyes gave him courage to say it at last—asserted that it was not too preposterous a feeling to voice.

"My life has been such a tame affair," he elucidated. "Home, school, those loathsome two years I had in the City, and then these last six abroad. Of course, that was a change, but the novelty soon wore off. And I felt I wanted something different for once in my life, something unexpected and that one could—could remember always."

Katherine nodded. "The rose," she said, below her breath, "the rose romance."

He gave her a quick look. Surely it was not possible that Katherine had known that rose? Still, he might find out. "And you, Katherine?" he asked. "You're still—sanitary inspecting?"

It was too obvious; he cursed himself for a brute as the colour flamed in her pale cheeks. But she had courage. "Still," she said, smilingly.

Poor Katherine! So it was not the rose, of course, but the want of it that she had known. But what rough luck to be a woman and plain and—yes, it must be twenty-eight, for she was two years older than he.

"Well?" Katherine was saying, with a slight lift of her brows that bade him mind his own business.

He reverted to it thankfully; there was something uncomfortably tragic about hers. "Yes," he admitted, "that's the name for it, I suppose. Well, you see, if I'd written to Uncle Frederic, everything would have been so cut-and-dried. To meet in town, to go down into Devon and slip into the old ways we know so well, the ways that are settled—oh, settled through a thousand years!—and then—to marry one of the girls we used to play with as kids. I felt I hated them all; it was so humdrum. I wanted to strike out a new line—to breathe fresh air of some sort. So I came home without a word to anyone, and just drifted here on the chance of—what you said."

He was suddenly shy. "And—Katherine, I've found it—*her*." "Ru!" Katherine's breath caught. "How—splendid! Tell me."

He did not find it difficult. "Well, of course, I knew no one when I came. But I joined the golf club, and saw her first in the Club House. Then I got to know her, through her brothers. Her name's Pansy—Pansy Dixon. Oh, no, it's not settled yet; there hasn't been time, and besides, you see"—he laughed rather shamefacedly—"once things are absolutely settled, you get back into the cut-and-dried, don't you?—telling people and congratulations and wedding presents. You sort of lose the rose when you begin to get silver bowls for it by post! I think we both feel that."

Katherine smiled her sympathy. "What's she like, Ru?" "Oh!" Words failed him for that. "But look here, Katherine"—a sudden thought struck him—"I'm going there this evening; come with me, won't you, and see her?"

"Oh—to dinner, does that mean? But—"

"They'll be pleased. And they always have a crowd."

"Really?" Katherine seemed to be making some deduction or reservation from that. "Tell me more about them," she commanded, thoughtfully.

Was it then that he was infected with his first chill of doubt? It was then, at any rate, that he found himself beginning mentally to defend the Dixons against some charge that no one had made.

"Oh, old Dixon and the two sons go up to town every day. I don't really know what their business is. Two girls are married; I've never seen them. There's only Pansy at home all day, and her mother." Instinctively he skimmed lightly over Pansy's mother; after all, it was not she he proposed to marry. "They—they must have rather an awful lot of money." He tried to laugh that aside as negligible. "I'm not in it, in that line, of course, but, after all, we shall have enough, and Pansy won't have to go out charring."

But he could not be sure that Katherine was dismissing the Dixons' money with all the lightness that he had suggested. And, after all, could it be so dismissed?

"All right," Katherine said, however, amicably; "we'll go together."

He was conscious of a misgiving—an obscure misgiving.

Into the midst of it, as they neared the house again, an irrelevancy obtruded. "I say—have I got your room that you were talking to Mrs. Denny about?"

She could not deny it. "But it doesn't matter a bit. I only wanted it because of that white lilac that you can see as you lie in bed—by sunlight and moonlight. I—I'm rather a sybarite in sensations, I believe!"

"But of course you shall have it! I'll turn out." He was surprised to find how agreeable it was to give something up for Katherine. Oh, certainly her sanitary inspecting, with all it involved of efficiency and respect and earning capacity, had improved her, had given her a quiet, gracious self-poise that made her plainness no longer count for other people, even as it clearly no longer counted for her.

His misgiving could not remain obscure for long. As they walked home that night through the scented dark, it showed its face.

"Oh, Ru, she's lovely!" Katherine said.

She said it warmly, appreciatively, altogether delightfully, and it was what, in his lover's pride, he had hungered to hear. Yet, now that it was said, it was like a death warrant. For he knew that Katherine had put all that enthusiasm into saying Pansy was lovely, because there was literally nothing else she could say. He saw it with extraordinary clearness as he walked, silent, beside her. He had come home, he realised, from those six years of all but solitude with his standards of comparison insensibly weakened by want of use, and now Katherine had repaired and adjusted them. Not that she had *done* anything; she had simply, by being there, supplied for him again the once familiar background of breeding that had grown dim in these six years, and against it the Dixons and all their works showed disastrously—garishly. As beneath a stroke of lightning the rose—the rose romance—lay shrivelled.

If it had been only the Dixons!—the good-natured, family vulgarity, the newness amounting to rawness of the huge bungalow, the flamboyant garden lamentably bestrewn with unspeakable statuary. But it was suddenly Pansy, too, who could not survive the test of that background. He had been so charmed with the warm, velvety look, the warm, velvety name of her; she had stood to him for England and home and all the things he had missed, and he had never, for instance—to take the first example that occurred—found her overdressed before. But now, by the standard of the gown and wrap that fluttered beside him, he knew that Pansy was habitually overdressed.

Oh, if it had been only that, either! But it was everything—a whittling, a lowering of innumerable standards, a coarseness of mental and moral texture that he could now see not only in the Dixons as a whole, but in Pansy, too. Was it to make assurance doubly sure that Fate had, on this day of all others, presented him with a sight of Pansy's married sisters? It was so impossible to resist the reflection that they and her mother formed a sort of gallery of portraits; Pansy as she would be at different ages. At present she was lovely—so lovely!—but was there not something artificial about that prettiness—

something of the surface and terribly evanescent? Would not the Dixon standard, so frankly materialistic, have its way with her as with them, physically, mentally, spiritually? Was he rushing to exchange the loneliness that he had for a loneliness that he knew not of, but now instinctively feared? Oh, it was all altered—ruined by every look, every movement, every word of Katherine's, that bade him remember her standards were also unalterably his—bade him remember and beware.

He said good-night to her abruptly when they got back. Why had she come and spoil it all? He had been happy before; now he was no longer happy, but he must still go through with the thing; it had gone too far for him to be able in decency to withdraw.

But in that he had reckoned without Pansy. For it was she who, within a week, gave him up. She had meant to marry him, because she had been quick to see the social rise that it might give her, and she had relied on the Dixon money to find some means of translating Rupert from his tea-planting wilderness. But she was used to saccharine doses of adulation, and she had noticed that from the moment of Katherine's advent the supply, from Rupert, had diminished. Her vanity was intolerably wounded. That a man should be lured from a pretty girl by a prettier one was to her comprehensible; besides, that was a law from the application of which she had never suffered, for, when she was in question, there never was a prettier one. But that Rupert Swale should spare a thought from her for this thin, plain, *passée* cousin of his was an outrage. It belittled her beauty insufferably; it made her the butt of Dixon witticisms. So there came a day when she dismissed him, sharply and finally, making, moreover, a reference to Katherine that brought the blood to his face with shame for her—shame for the Pansy who was by it proved so hopelessly a Dixon, and held no longer a petal of the rose romance.

He walked slowly back—free. One week had sufficed to make that sense of freedom bliss. He revelled in it; he was free—and there were four months left of his leave. They called to him, those four months, in their measureless possibilities; he was young; he had not found his mate.

Katherine—the thought inevitably obtruded. For he recognised that he owed his four months, he owed everything to her. She had secured his deliverance, too, he now suspected, less unconsciously than he had at first supposed; she had been aware all along of the effect she was having, of the way she was making him remember—compare certain things, and she had stayed on until his deliverance should be complete.

Well, it was complete now; Katherine was a brick. But he could not discharge his sense of obligation to her, he found, by simply acknowledging it. For that matter, she had always been a brick. It was the way one thought of Katherine, he reflected. Poor Katherine! It was rather hard lines on her. What she had said that first day about the rose romance proved that she could have appreciated something different, something that it was too late to suppose anyone would bring her now—even if she had not always been the sort of woman one designated a brick, never the sort for the rose romance. And yet—and yet, was it perhaps just so and only so that he could serve Katherine—by offering her her woman's heritage of marriage? Let him consider the matter with frankness and common sense. If Katherine had not arrived so opportunely a week ago, the chances were that nothing on earth would have saved him. He would have found out about Pansy everything that Katherine had wordlessly told him—but he would have found it out too late. Well, then, had not Katherine a claim on the life she had delivered? He imagined himself married to her. It would mean, of course, that he would have to renounce the colour and the scent of romance, but, after all, much comfort he would have got out of that if she had not saved him! And if Katherine had lost her youth and kept her plainness, there was, nevertheless, a distinction and fineness about her in which a man could not but delight. She would never jar; all her ways were cool and sweet and simple; he could see her beautifully adequate in any conceivable situation. And then—there was just the possibility that she might refuse him. His heart beat happily faster at the thought. She might, for instance, see that the thing involved him in sacrifice, and then she would refuse. (Katherine was so unalterably a brick.) But, of course, he would play fair; he would ask her, and he would try not to let her see that he was renouncing anything. He felt an agreeable glow of self-sacrifice; his step quickened.

Katherine was sitting on the log by the stream. She welcomed him with a look. (What tremendous, exhausting talkers all the Dixons and their friends were, he remembered: it was a type of the comparisons that Katherine was always evoking.)

He halted beside her. "It's over," he said.

"Oh, Ru, I'm sorry."

He knew that she was—not for the fact, but for the necessity of it that she had yet so relentlessly made him face. It was like her—that; to think so entirely in this first instant of him, and not to give a thought to any difference it might make to her. But he was going to show her that he could think of her—could appreciate her. "Katherine," he said, softly.

She gave him an uncertain, sidelong glance; then she stood up. It checked him; why had she done that? And as he looked at her, an odd little smile swept across her eyes, trembled for the merest second on her lips. Long after, he grasped its

meaning—saw how from the first she must have read his heart in its asinine complacency. Long after, too, he acknowledged that she had had to do this thing in just this way if she was to save him. Yet, now that it was done, she could not bear to let him crash upon the rock towards which he was heading, and to the fate he richly deserved—the fate of not being able, in decency, to use the four months that remained to him for the purpose that had brought him home. She had delivered him from Pansy; she had still to deliver him from himself.

"Ru," she said, "I couldn't leave till this was settled. But now I must go home."

"Home?" He felt a sudden longing for it himself. "Katherine, let's go together!"

She shook her head, laughing a little, but it was laughter that, as it were, hedged him tenderly round from possible hurt. "You see, Ru"—in two words she made everything clear, and so could afford to leave everything, as regarded details, still royally unexplained—"I'm married."

RINGING SOLANS ON THE BASS ROCK

AT some lighthouse stations favourably situated along the pathless tracks of bird migration it is customary to fix identification rings on the legs of such birds as escape disaster on the lanterns of the alluring lights. Most light-keepers also record their observations of the various species of birds that come under their notice throughout the year and so contribute their *quota* toward the solution of some of the mysteries of the feathered world. Here on the "Bass" a systematic "ringing" of the solans is at present being carried out with the view of acquiring a fuller knowledge of the movements of these birds when absent from their breeding haunts and, incidentally, of determining to what age they live. To attempt the ringing of a full-grown solan single-handed is quite a different matter from handling the smaller migrants, and requires much experience of the birds and the employment of what might be considered somewhat drastic tactics. A scorching afternoon in August finds us at the East Rookery, to which we have descended by rope through a narrow gorge in the cliff face some hundred feet in length. Solans nest on either side of this descent, and one must exercise extreme caution in guarding the face from the furious stabs which assail one on every hand as one passes. These birds always strike with the mandibles open and are capable of inflicting an ugly wound. One ornithologist, while negotiating this descent, narrowly escaped losing an eye, as an unnoticed bird struck at his face and punctured the lower eyelid, the upper mandible ploughing a nasty furrow across his forehead. The particular part of the rookery we selected for

operations was an irregular ledge on the cliff-face about 30ft. in length, tapering from roft. wide at the one end to nothing at the other, sloping slightly seawards and situated over 200ft. above the sea level. From here a magnificent view of the birds is obtained. Every available site is tenanted and one must walk circumspectly to avoid trampling eggs or young. Our presence is greeted with a deafening clamour, and birds in our near vicinity express their annoyance by regurgitating mackerel, gurnard, herring or huge handfuls of sand-eels—a practice also indulged in by the young when a few weeks old, tending to conditions anything but salubrious. In connection with this habit it is interesting to notice how easily such a spiney fish as the gurnard is ejected tail first. The fish is swallowed under water head first, and a brief interval in the crop suffices to cover the body with a slimy deposit which serves as a lubricant when the young are dipping into the parental larder. Solans are frequently in attendance on trawlers at sea when the trawl is being hauled, and plunge at any fish escaping from the net. At such times the men occasionally indulge in a most reprehensible pastime which clearly shows, nevertheless, the difficulty the bird must have in regurgitating spinous fish in a recent state. A strong line is fixed to the tail of a gurnard and tossed overboard to the attending solans. The fish is immediately bolted head first and the bird finds itself a prisoner and unable to part with the treacherous lure, the spines firmly fixing themselves in the gullet. Hauled on board the tortured bird is smeared with paint and liberated by cutting the line. Two birds,



SOLAN "DROPPING" ON TO A ROCK.

evidently so treated, were recently noted in the Bass Rock rookery (from which, by the way, we have inadvertently digressed), one having been daubed all over with yellow paint, the other with green. Equipped with a stout bamboo rod some 12ft. in length, carrying a running noose of strong cord at its extremity, we select the nearest bird. Gradually extending the rod till the noose is immediately overhead,



CATCHING THE BIRD.

we wait a favourable moment, when the bird ceases snapping at the cord in angry expostulation, and lower the noose round its neck. Solans are extremely bold birds in defence of their egg or young, especially the latter when in the callow stage and, as both sexes incubate, the nest is seldom left unguarded. In this connection it is most interesting to witness the ceremony of "changing guard." The incoming bird



A TUG OF WAR.

frequently arrives with an awkward rush that gives one the impression that it is doing it for the first time. Much talk is indulged in and, after bowing and posturing in the most grotesque attitudes, to which the sitter but diffidently responds, the newcomer gradually insinuates itself on the nest, its partner only relinquishing the post with the greatest reluctance. Our bird securely noosed, a taut line has to be maintained and no play allowed. Playing an 8lb. solan on the brink of a sheer cliff where the footing is somewhat precarious is not quite trout-fishing, and considering the 6ft. stretch of wing one can understand the resistance necessary in preventing the bird heading seaward. Once noosed, on no account must the bird be permitted to escape, for, as it can only do so by taking the rod with it, that would mean a lingering death. A firm grip of the rod is necessary to overcome the first violent attempts at flight which ultimately end in a tug-of-war that lands the quarry at our feet. The difficulty of removing the noose is got over by pinning the neck of the bird to the rock with the

foot, then slipping the hand up the head till the snapping mandibles are grasped and forcibly closed. Should this grip be lost, then the bird wins every time, for the powerful mandibles, 6in. in length, are finely serrated—a veritable "wire-edge" capable of inflicting an ugly wound which, if unattended, is apt to fester, thanks to the condition of the bird's bill after regurgitating decomposed fish. Howard



FIXING THE RING.

Saunders, in describing these birds, states that they may be stroked with the hand while on the nest. Our experience here is that this is quite possible and may be effected with impunity, providing the hand that does the stroking is a mailed one. Our hands, and wrists also, have been freely cross-hatched during recent operations. Further, a stab in the corner of the eye and a scalp wound which bled freely, occasioned by collision with a bird planing from a higher level, have imbued us with a wholesome respect for these birds as belligerents. Had they the boldness of the little tern in driving off intruders our lives here would be in constant jeopardy. The feasibility of this was forcibly brought to our notice when witnessing the shooting of a solan flying about 40yds. overhead. The bird dropped like a winged javelin, and narrowly missing the gunner's head, crashed into a garden barrow, the bill passing clear through the three-quarter inch wooden bottom, the bird's neck being broken by the force of the impact. From this it may be inferred that the bird would probably sacrifice itself in any attempt at hostilities of this kind—a matter of no consequence to the possessor of the head it chose to make a target of. The noose removed, both hands are then at liberty in fixing the ring on the bird's leg. Each ring is specially numbered and bears stamped instructions for the guidance of the future finder. Made of stout aluminium,



THE SOLAN'S SIX-FOOT EXPANSE OF WING.

half an inch in width, they open out to encircle the leg; the ends, already hooked, are then clenched by means of pincers—not a pleasurable operation on a sloppy day, and much less so when one is penalised for mislaying the pincers by concluding matters with the teeth—a plan we found quite effective. The number on the ring is then noted down in black and white, and the sex if known; judging from appearances alone the sexes are indistinguishable. The bird is liberated by gripping it behind the head with the left hand and supporting the body with the other, then, with a preliminary "One, two, three," it is launched over the cliff. Solans are quite unable to take flight from off level ground, unless in the face of a strong breeze, so that if released by merely removing the pressure of the foot the bird would flounder frantically towards the verge of the cliff, colliding violently with its sitting fellows, probably to the detriment of eggs or young. Launched from the hand, the bird floats gracefully seaward, indulging in a vigorous shake from tip to tail as it goes, with an occasional scratching of the head most ludicrous to witness. The head of the bird is turned sharply backwards to meet the forward thrust of the foot under the wing, and a vigorous scratching ensues for quite a few seconds, reminding one of a similar action in a dog. The wonderful thing is that with all this wriggling and looping of the body the line of direction is maintained without the slightest deviation, the wings remaining perfectly rigid and motionless. The upper surface of the middle toe on each foot of the solan is furnished with a peculiar comb-like ridge to which no function has been assigned, but to anyone

We may, of course, ask what, precisely, Hawker meant by Newfoundland and Labrador dogs respectively, and asking ourselves that question and going to him for our enlightenment, we do not, as regards the Newfoundlands, find ourselves very much wiser, for he actually begins his treatise on Newfoundland Dogs: "Here we are a little in the dark. Every canine brute, that is nearly as big as a jackass, and as hairy as a bear, is denominated a *fine Newfoundland dog*." He seems, however, to distinguish between Newfoundlands and Labradors, and writes of the latter, at all events, in words which show that what we call a Labrador to-day is very much what Colonel Peter Hawker would have called a Labrador then. About the Newfoundland he is not quite so clear in description, writing: "The one" (that is the dog of St. John's, Newfoundland), "is very large; strong in the limbs; rough haired; small in the head, and carries his tail very high. He is kept in that country for drawing sledges full of wood from inland to the seashore, where he is also very useful, by his immense strength and sagacity, among wrecks and other disasters in boisterous weather." As a matter of fact, to-day we may see dogs in Newfoundland doing just the wood-hauling work which Colonel Hawker so described, and they are of various kinds, from the big black and white dogs which we see figured in books as typical "Newfoundland dogs" to dogs just like the curly-coated black retrievers. The present writer has seen them at the work. On the other hand, he has not chanced to see anything quite like what we call "Labrador retrievers" in Labrador itself; but he does not, for that reason, mean to question the probability of there being many of these dogs in Labrador—they may even be the common dog of the country—for he has only touched at one or two places on the coast, and cannot claim to speak with any knowledge. But this, that follows, is Hawker's description, sufficiently



THE IMMATURE SOLAN ON THE WING.

The central black tail feather is the last trace of immaturity.

witnessing the "scratching" operation its utility is obvious at once. Pinning the bird under-foot may appear a somewhat harsh procedure, but in reality occasions no worse effect than if the strong muscular neck were merely an inflated tire. Witness our recent captive, returned to the nest after a few minutes' absence with not a feather out of place, an indifferent spectator while a similar operation is being performed on its next-door neighbour. J. M. CAMPBELL.

LABRADOR RETRIEVERS IN THE DAYS OF COL. HAWKER

IT seems a very few years ago that we looked on the Labrador retrievers as rather a new canine thing. Many of us, with the inveterate conservatism of most sportsmen, were not at all too ready to welcome their merits, and as for their beauties, we were disposed to deny them the possession of any, when put in comparison with our faithful old friends, the retrievers of the curly coats. Some of us remain in that attitude of sturdy conservatism towards them still, but for the most part we have come round to appreciate the wonderful qualities of the Labradors, and especially the pace at which they do their work. Nevertheless, whatever our estimate be of them as workers in the field, we are all much at one in regarding their introduction as something of a novelty, and with that idea in our minds it must come to us as rather a surprise, if ever we turn to the attractive pages of old Colonel Peter Hawker, to find him, just about a century ago, discussing, as it might be to-day, the rival qualities, as retrievers, of the Labradors and of what he calls the Newfoundland dogs.

appreciative to satisfy the most devoted admirers of the Labrador: "The other, *by far the best for every kind of shooting*" (these are his own italics), "is oftener black than of another colour, and scarcely bigger than a pointer. He is made rather long in the head and nose; pretty deep in the chest; very fine in the legs; has short and smooth hair; does not carry his tail so much curled as the other; and is extremely quick and active in running, swimming, or fighting." He goes on to talk about "Newfoundland dogs" at large as if he intended the name to be generic and to include the "St. John's" dogs and the "Labradors" as species, and, so writing, says that "their sense of smell is scarcely to be credited. Their discrimination of scent in following a wounded pheasant, or a pinioned wildfowl, through a furze brake or warren of rabbits appears almost impossible. . . . For finding wounded game of every description, there is not his equal in the canine race; and he is a *sine qua non* in the general pursuit of wildfowl."

Colonel Hawker adds that Poole used to be the best place for purchasing these dogs, as they were brought over from their native homes, but that they were becoming scarcer in his day owing, as the sailors said, to the strictness of "those — tax-gatherers."

There can be no reasonable doubt, from the above description, that his Labrador retrievers of a hundred years ago were very much what ours are now, and therefore it is hardly correct for us to look on them, as we are prone to do, in the light of innovations. The curly-coated dogs had their day—they are enjoying a goodly day still—and then the Labradors came into vogue, and we see many more of them than of the curly or the wavy coated fellows now; but it is manifest that this vogue of the Labrador is only a reversion to an older fashion, a fashion of more than a hundred years ago. H. G. H.

IN THE GARDEN.

THE COLDEST PLACE IN ENGLAND.

IF it has pleased the gods to make you a gardener and at the same time to have set you down somewhere in the heart of the Cheviots, 600ft. above the sea and verily I believe the coldest place in England, it is well indeed if you are one who inherits, or at least tries to acquire, something of the fighting Border spirit, for there indeed will the battle be to the strong and the race to the swift. People look incredulous when I tell them that in my garden we have registered frost every month in the year; but though a July frost is not inevitable, a severe one of 7deg. or 8deg. in June and 3deg. or 4deg. at the end of August are certainties. After my first year, when all my previous ideas were turned upside down, when everything that the "books" told me to grow in the shade would only grow in the sun, and when most of the treasures I had planted had left no record but a washed out and rotting label, my first despairing thought was to search the catalogues of nurseries for anything which might bear the specific name of "arctica" or "icelandica" (though *Saxifraga icelandica* is one I have always failed with, as has everyone, I believe, except Mr. Bidder of St. John's), and to wonder what sort of a garden one might make of the high Alpine Willows and, perhaps, *Campanula alaskana*. And then the beguiling names of things and their entrancing descriptions began to tempt me again; and now, after seven years, I have realised more than ever that, as long as he can buy, beg or borrow any plant which he thinks he has the faintest chance of being able to grow, the gardener must never cease to try experiments; and even if one dozen treasures in pots are put out and all incessantly die, he must telegraph for another, and yet another dozen, and by that time, if his choice has not been too reckless, some will doubtless have survived and even prospered.

Though many have been the disasters of this kind in my garden, many too, I think I may say, have been the lovely and unexpected successes. One of these came in the shape of some dozen bulbs of *Lilium szovitzianum*, and after three years I now have great 5ft. stems bearing from fifty to seventy blooms (in the case of one fasciated stem, ninety-six), and they have no protection, but grow in the open border, and have stood a temperature of 8deg. below zero, while yearly, when their flower-buds are just opening, comes our June frost of 8deg., and not a petal turns brown! Even the common *L. croceum* and the garden forms of *L. davuricum* and *L. umbellatum* are discouraged by this occasionally and have sadly crippled blooms, while the first hardy and splendid Lily never fails.

I am trying Perry's new *L. davuricum luteum*, which I thought very lovely when I saw it first shown last year at Chelsea, but this has been well blanketed with cocoanut fibre through its first winter. *L. tigrinum* is often spoiled in autumn by early frosts, though a few hundred feet higher on the moor I see great thickets of it in full beauty, in a shepherd's garden I know. *L. pardalinum* (Michaux's variety) and the Martagons—purple, white and black—are all satisfactorily hardy. Lovely, lovely *L. regale*, that glorious find of Mr. Wilson's, is, alas! beyond my purse at present; but I am trying it from seed, and from all accounts it ought to prove indestructible.

Another unexpected joy is *Iris Danfordiæ*, which I once ordered by mistake and was exceedingly sorrowful when I found I had to pay a guinea for some minute bulbs in a Bryant and May matchbox. However, in they went. The first year only a few green leaves appeared; but now, after four or five years, I have a lovely and increasing colony, in spite of the fact that a lot of *Veronica spicata rosea* has got all mixed up with it. *Iris reticulata* gives me hundreds of flowers, and its cousins, *I. histrio* and *I. histrioides*, seem equally kind, though I have only two small plantings of these. The German Irises (as they are called) do not like my garden, and refuse to flower freely, and I have had very reluctantly to do away with a whole field of them and replace them with all the best forms of *I. sibirica* which I can find; and yet the smaller rhizomatous Irises, *tectorum*, *cristata* and an odd, dusky little person called *I. mellita*, which was sent me by some kind nurseryman as a "gratis," all flourish exceedingly if I sit up all night with them to keep off the slugs. *I. mellita* I want more of, but never do I see it in any catalogue.

I always wonder why I go to garden after garden and rarely see any *Campanula* except "Medium." I believe it is because all professional gardeners adore biennials. Personally, I think it is one of the loveliest and best-tempered of families, and grow every one I possibly can, from *C. macrantha* to *Zoysii*; and even if you are not a lover of stones, moraines and minuteness, there are many lovely "border" kinds one never sees—*Bourghalti*, *Van Houttei*, *punctata*, *amabilis*, *longistyla*, all lovely, easy and hardy, and yet people prefer things like florist's *Pentstemons* and *Antirrhinums*! How admirable must be their calm and self-control who can resist ordering all these things out of catalogues! The great and scornful gardeners of the South will think this all very dull and commonplace, but they do not realise my climate; and yet, even in those favoured places I have heard the same wail over spring frosts, because it is our fate, as gardeners, to go on trying to grow things which are just not quite hardy enough for our climate. I do it myself, I confess, and I wail more loudly than anyone. But the growing wonder to me is the surprising powers of resistance and unflinching flowering of so many, many things, and I only write of some of them because there may be—though it is not probable—others who are trying to garden in impossible places, and because I believe that, if you only insist strongly enough and take enough trouble, not even the desert sands or the Polar ice will stop you. I would further urge those unfortunate ones to do what I am trying to do here. When you have found that you can grow something well, do not rest till you have got the finest variety of it (I do not necessarily mean the newest). It may be only *Lupinus polyphyllus*, for instance; but by careful selection of your own seed, by keeping your eyes open to every cottage garden you pass, you may have great sturdy masses (absolutely summer frost proof) of wine red, purple, of rose, of lavender, of primrose, and even of the celestial blue of *Delphinium Belladonna*. But the flowering shrubs are not for us! I dare not even read their seductive names, though I must confess to falling over one or two of the species *Roses*. *Rosa hispida* is lovely, *R. Moyesii* also, and both seem not to mind my winters. *Potentilla fruticosa* is a Northerner, as is *P. Friedrichseni*, and I hope soon to have some of Mr. Smith's new hybrid white-flowered ones; and the *Daphnes* will grow for you if they like you, whatever weather you provide. I should like to write of Alpines in this Alpine climate, but, like the cock of the proverb, the rock gardener loses all control of his pen on his own particular stone heap, so I dare not begin to talk about my *Gentians*.

MARNA PEASE.

LILACS AND THEIR CULTIVATION.

THERE are few flowering shrubs that appeal more strongly to those who appreciate fragrant blossoms and graceful contour than the Lilacs, yet it is safe to assert that in the majority of gardens they are the most neglected shrubs that one finds. Too often they are wedged between more or less solid blocks of coarse-growing evergreens, where it is impossible for them to properly ripen their wood each autumn and so ensure a bountiful display of blossom the following May. A valuable object lesson in the proper planting of Lilacs may be seen any day of the year at Kew. In one instance a very large bed near the main gate is



AN EFFECTIVE GROUPING OF LILACS.



LILACS BY A CARRIAGE DRIVE AT BLETCHLEY PARK.

devoted to these charming shrubs, the varieties being so grouped as to give an excellent harmony of colours. Under the Lilacs, Winter Aconites and other very early-flowering bulbs are planted, to provide a carpet of green and gold at a time when the Lilac bushes are devoid of foliage. At Bletchley Park, Bucks, Lilacs are freely dispersed among other shrubs by the walks and carriage drives. The effect at this season is most pleasing, especially where the Persian Lilac and Golden Chain or Laburnum are flowering together. There is surely no justification for the half-starved and overcrowded bushes that do duty in many gardens.

After all, Lilacs do not call for a great deal of special attention. True, they need deeply cultivated soil and a fairly liberal diet, and for this reason the ground should be well trenched and manured thoroughly with decayed manure before planting is done. The planting season extends from October till March, but for preference one would select November or the first week or two in December. Good drainage is essential, and if the soil is naturally wet, this must be provided.

Lilacs on Their Own Roots.—Unfortunately a great many of the best garden varieties are grafted or budded on the common Lilac, which always has a tendency to throw up suckers. Often these pass unnoticed until they have attained large dimensions and have ruined the choice variety that they should in the ordinary way have fostered. Some nurserymen supply these good varieties on their own roots, and it is well to secure these wherever possible, then the suckers, or a proportion of them, may be desirable rather than otherwise. But even here there is some danger, especially as the bushes attain a fairly large size. If too many of the suckers or basal shoots are allowed to remain the plants are likely to get overcrowded, a state of affairs that must be strictly guarded against. In growing Lilacs we must fully bear in mind the fact that if we desire good flowers the wood must be well ripened by exposure to light and air the previous autumn. Apart, however, from a thinning out of weak, useless shoots, and the removal of the flower-heads when the blossoms have faded, Lilacs do not need much pruning.

Their Value for Forcing.—During recent years quite a big industry has been brought into being, in France as well as at home, in forcing Lilacs into bloom from January until April. The plants used for this purpose are generally gaunt-looking specimens with a few very strong shoots, this condition having been brought about by severe disbudding for two or three years previously. As the plants are in pots they are easily managed and are by no means difficult to force into bloom. They are gradually inured to a temperature of 6 deg. Fahr., and lightly

syringed overhead daily to assist the buds to burst. When in flower they are usually taken to the conservatory, where the atmospheric conditions are drier and the temperature lower; here they will remain in good condition for several weeks.

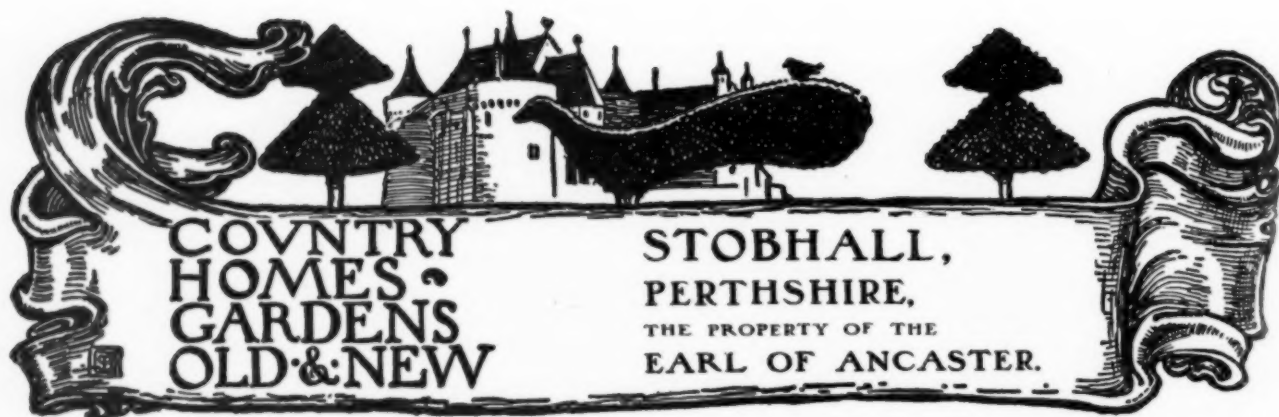
The Best Varieties.—There are a good many excellent garden varieties to select from, a number of them differing very slightly. The following are good and reliable for ordinary purposes: Single, white flowered—*alba grandiflora*, Marie Legraye, Mlle. Fernande Viger and Frau Bertha Dammann. Single flowered, coloured varieties—*Negro*, deep purple; *Othello*, deep claret red; *Dr. Mirabel*, very erect panicles, deep claret red in bud opening to rich purple; *Gloire de la Rochelle*, deep lilac blue; *Pasteur*, wine red; *Philemon*, dark red; *Mme. F. Morel*, large panicles of deep purple colour; *Souvenir de Louis Späth* and *Charles X.*, deep red. Double flowers—*Marie Lemoine*, Miss Ellen Willmott and *Mme. Abel Chatenay*, white; *Condercet*, large panicles of lilac blue shade; *President Grévy*, blue flowers, edged rose; *Maurice de Vilmorin*, deep claret red; *Dr. Troyanosky*, very large panicles of azure blue flowers, which are rosy pink in the bud stage; *Comte de Kerchove*, rich rosy red, very free flowering; and *La Tour d'Auvergne*, violet purple. F. W. H.

A LITTLE-KNOWN HARDY SHRUB (FOTHERGILLA MAJOR).

WHEN better known, this free-flowering shrub is destined to hold a prominent place in the gardens of this country. Singularly enough, it was known in this country over a century ago, and was figured, in 1811, in the *Botanical Magazine*. At that time, however, comparatively little interest was displayed in rare shrubs, and *Fothergilla major* was soon lost to cultivation. For its reintroduction we are indebted to Professor Sargeant, who sent it to Kew about twelve years ago, plants having been found on the Alleghany Mountains. The *Fothergillas* belong to the same Natural Order as the curious-looking *Witch Hazels*. In *Fothergilla major* there are no petals, the flowers being made up of little plumes of creamy white filaments, which are borne in great profusion just about Lilac time. It is an admirable shrub for massing in beds, as it forms a sturdy bush about 3ft. or 4ft. in height. Doubtless with age it will grow considerably higher; in the Arnold Arboretum there is a beautiful specimen 8ft. in height. So far as soil is concerned, this plant does well in a sandy loam to which peat and leaf-mould have been freely added. It may be increased from cuttings and by layering the lower branches. C. Q.



FOTHERGILLA MAJOR, A BEAUTIFUL SPRING FLOWERING SHRUB.



STOBHALL is one of the most distinctive and fascinating of the smaller houses that have a place in Scottish history. It stands about eight miles from Perth, on the point of a ridge which overlooks the beautiful stream of the Tay. It is long since the Drummonds occupied it; and, indeed, it ceased to be their chief home as far back as the fifteenth century. None the less, Stobhall has a peculiar importance among its greater neighbours, because a Queen was born there. History has not preserved for us any records of the castle at Drymen, in Stirlingshire, which first sheltered the Drummonds, already distinguished in the national annals when Stobhall was granted to Sir Malcolm Drummond by Robert I. after the stricken field of Bannockburn. Annabella, Queen of Robert III., was daughter to Sir John, the grandson of the first Drummond of Stobhall. A poem called "Tavis Bank," which is preserved in a manuscript of 1568 and may well be fifty years older, tells us plainly enough that Annabella's home was beautiful, according to the standard of her day. The adjective "wlonk" has no special architectural meaning

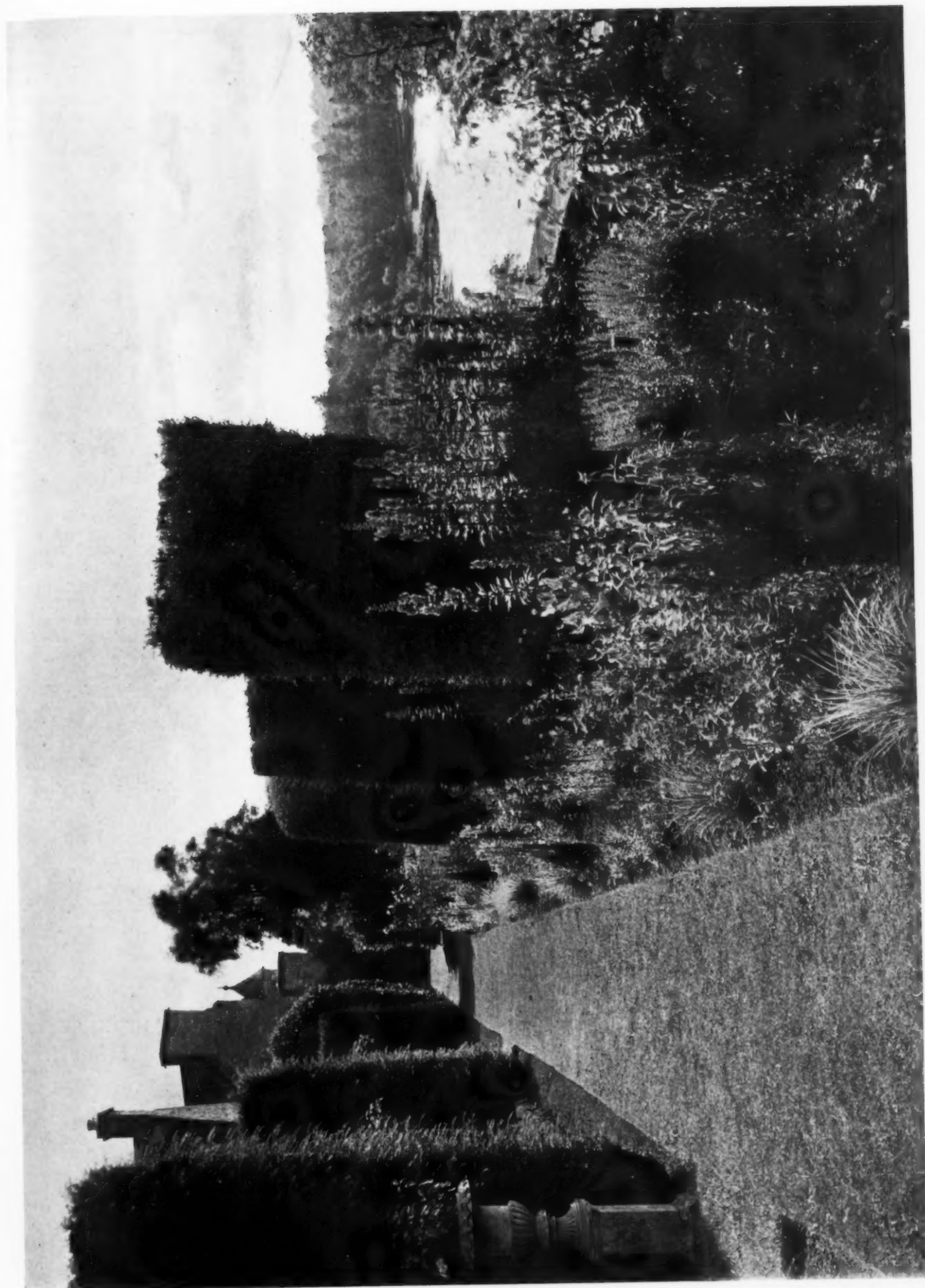
and was in archaic use in the sixteenth century. It means splendid or imposing, a description which remains true to-day of the terrace walls which were built a century later than those the poet praised. "waw" means wall.

Joy was within and joy without,
Vnder that wlonkest waw.
Quhair Tay run down,
With stremis stout,
Full stretcht under Stobschaw.

Nothing of the fifteenth century remains, save possibly the foundations of some of the existing walls, but the curiously irregular disposition on the site of the four separate buildings makes it likely that the old outlines have been preserved.

As early as 1488 the Drummonds moved westwards to Strathearn, and there built a fine castle and gave it their name. It is likely that Stobhall was not in the builder's hands again until 1578, when the chapel took its present form. David, second Lord Drummond, succeeded to the estate about 1520, and about forty years later married Lillias





"COUNTRY LIFE."

A GARDEN BY TAYSIDE.

Copyright.



Copyright.

DOWER HOUSE FROM UPPER COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

SOUTH CORNER OF CHAPEL BUILDING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Ruthven. No doubt the site of the present Dower House was occupied by some sort of building, but Drummond's first work was to put up the very notable chapel building, with its priest's rooms. The initials of Drummond and his wife, their coat-of-arms and the date 1578 are twice carved on the outside of the chapel. It is a simple L-shaped building, with a projecting porch on the east side. We go through its stoutly guarded doors into a passage between wooden partitions, which suggest the screens of an English house of hall type. Orientation has been quite disregarded. The axis of the chapel is, roughly, north and south, with the altar at the north end. On the south side of the screened passage are two rooms, probably used as vestries. The chapel itself has suffered little harm save for the insertion of a plate tracery window in its northern wall. When this was done, the wooden ceiling had to be altered, as it cut across the line of the window. The panels, however, were preserved and fixed on the south wall. The paintings are of extraordinary interest. The compartments into which the ceiling is divided by four cross beams are filled with equestrian figures. The Kings of Hungary, Sweden, Spain, Great Britain, Poland and France ride gallantly, as well as the Emperor of Germany, Rex Mauritanae (who rides an elephant), Emperor Tureary and Prester John. The Sovereigns, their horses and the attendant figures are depicted in their natural colours, and some other panels, with flower ornaments, are painted gaily in green and red. Needless to say, the Drummond coat-of-arms, with the motto, *Gang warily*, has also exercised the artist's brush.

The ecclesiologist cannot fail to be astonished by the survival in Scotland of an ancient stone altar slab. Presumably John Knox and his followers never visited Stobhall. There are also an interesting stone stoup on a new base, and an aumbry in the wall with its original door and iron hinges. The space over the chapel is occupied by two rooms, one of which contains a much restored confessional box, which has given the name "confessional" to the room. South-east of the chapel building is a narrow, oblong house which was built towards the end of the eighteenth century, and calls for no particular note. South-west

of it is the old laundry, entered from the upper courtyard. Its low walls are only about four feet from the ground, and a steep-pitched roof rises from them. The ground slopes here so rapidly southwards that the building has a basement storey, which is entered from the lower courtyard, and was once used for brewing and baking. The most important domestic work at Bobhall is the Dower House, which for all its simplicity has a considerable interest. It consists on the ground

floor of a kitchen and parlour, divided by a stairway which cuts across the house. Attached to its north side is an extension with a broad arched gateway, giving access through a "pend" or passage to the courtyard from without. Over the entrance doorway the initials appear of John, second Earl of Perth, and Jane Ker, his Countess. John succeeded an elder brother, who died very young of a "hectic sicknes" in 1612. It does not appear when the second earl began the Dower House, but it was not finished



Copyright.

THE CHAPEL FROM LOWER COURT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

during his lifetime. The date 1671 appears on the building, but he died in 1662. The most characteristic feature is the interesting plasterwork on the staircase ceiling, now illustrated. There is a fireplace upstairs bearing the date of 1578, and the initials and arms of the Lord Drummond of that day. This must have been built into the new house by Earl John. The latter has left a short and curious autobiography written in the pious strain which was almost invariable among

Scotsmen of all classes in the seventeenth century. He complains that during his elder brother's life he was but little regarded and sent to a careless school at Dunblane, "my teachers being but ignorant persons using their slavish discipline conforme to their own humors, teaching Ramus his grammar unprofitable."

When James VI. united the Crowns the school was so grossly neglected that John Drummond obtained leave to go to France "upon a verie meane allowance," and there



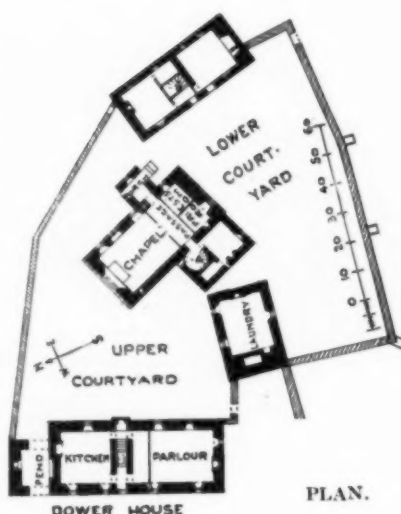
Copyright.

LAUNDRY AND CHAPEL FROM THE WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

he seems to have stayed for about seven years, studying law but "not understanding anything else for lack of any Society but meere schollers." However, he gathered more human knowledge in Paris, and was there when Henri Quatre was assassinated. Three years later he married; his wife died in 1672, leaving four sons. The memoir reveals the Earl's dissatisfaction with his own reasonable and ordinary life, passed "without debosh or drinking." The political troubles of his day are discussed in a few wailing lines which tell of the heavy fines laid on the Drummond estates, first by the Scots Committee and then by the Protector Cromwell. Earl John wrote all this in 1657, being then aged seventy-three, and he died five years later.

It is not improbable that the delightful garden of Stobhall owes its main outlines to him. He is believed to have laid out the terraced



gardens at his major home, Drummond Castle, and Stobhall is no less attractive in its own smaller fashion. The garden lover owes a debt to Lord Ancaster for the jealous care with which the garden is maintained at Stobhall, though it is no longer inhabited, save by a caretaker. When whirling words are said about vandalism and the neglect of many ancient monuments in private ownership, such a case as Stobhall may be cited to the contrary.

James, the third Earl, who was out with Montrose in 1645 and a prisoner at Philiphaugh, died in 1675. His son, also James, the fourth earl, driven, it is said, by the low fortunes of his family, worked with the Duke of Lauderdale in the bad business of letting loose the Highlanders on the Covenanted shires. His behaviour in various high offices was of a piece with his supreme claim to remembrance—he added the thumb-screw to the boot as a means of encouraging unwilling witnesses.

When James II. came to the Throne Earl James and his brother, Lord Melfort, embraced their Sovereign's religion, and when he fell before William of Orange, joined him in exile after five years' experience of Scots prisons from the inside. When James II. died his will turned Drummond's earldom into a dukedom, which never became more than titular. His son was allowed to live in Scotland and was mixed up in Jacobite plottings from 1707 onwards. After the 'Fifteen, when he commanded the cavalry at Sheriffmuir, he lived abroad with the "Old Pretender," and died in 1720. His widow was a doughty lady and lived fifty-three years longer. She entertained Charles Edward at Drummond Castle in 1746 and collected taxes for him—a fiscal adventure which earned her nine months in prison at Edinburgh.

Evidently Stobhall was kept up all through the eighteenth century, for the old countess died there at a great age in 1773, thirteen years after the death of her second son had made the Perth titles extinct. The properties passed in due time, through a descendant of Melfort, Clementina Drummond, who married Lord Gwydyr, to the Earl of Ancaster.

We leave Stobhall with the feeling that it represents with peculiar faithfulness the more domestic, as contrasted with the military aspect of Scottish building in the sixteenth century. It is roughly true of the houses built across the border up to the middle of the seventeenth century that the tendency accompanying more elaborate ideas of building was towards greater height, and the



Copyright.

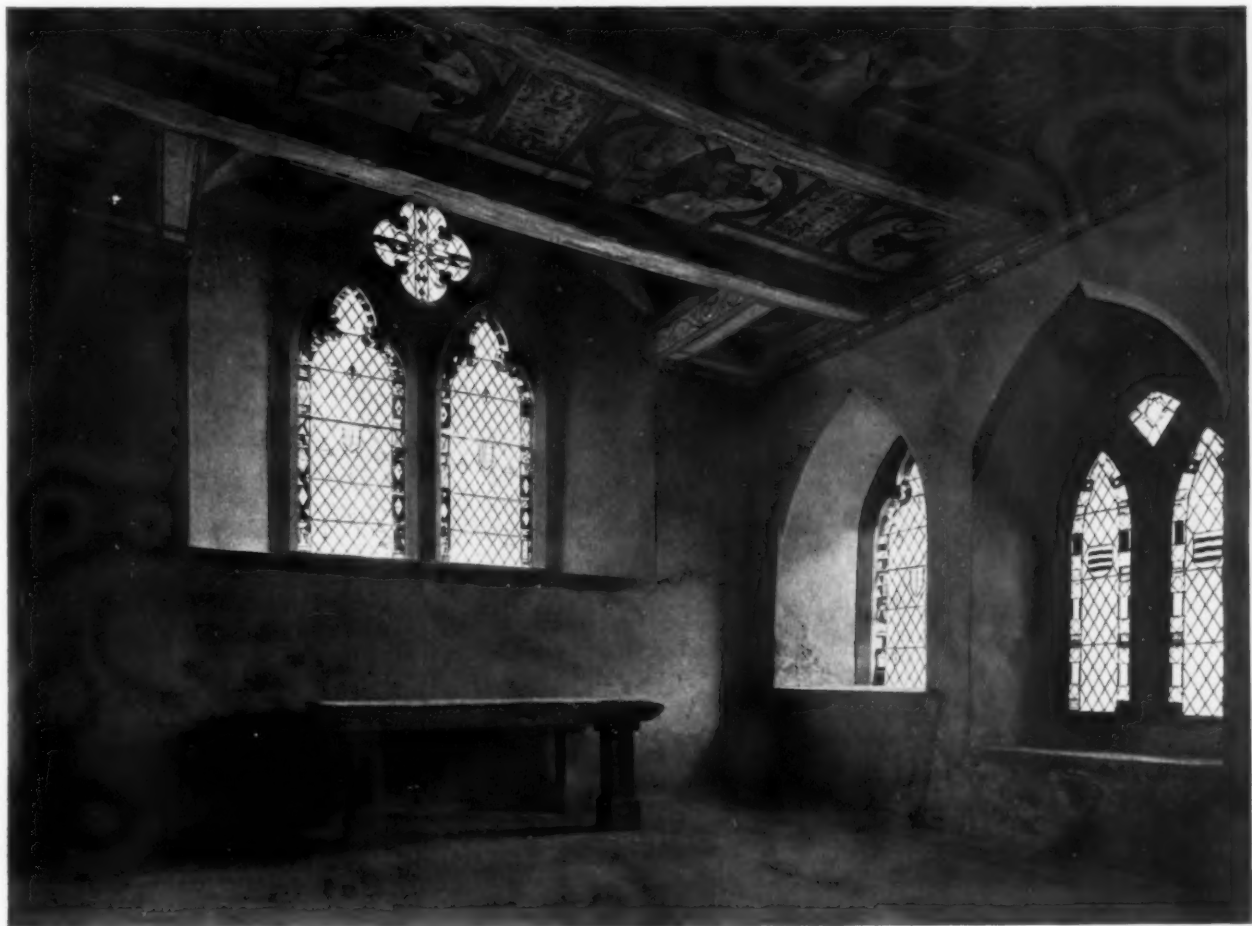
YEWS, TURF AND SUNDIAL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

"IMPERATOR GERMANICUS" AND "REX GALLIE" ON SOUTH WALL OF CHAPEL. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

NORTH END OF CHAPEL, WITH STONE ALTAR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

emphasis of the tower idea. In England the growth was lateral, and in Scotland vertical. Stobhall, in this respect, is not so typically Scottish as many another house illustrated in these pages, but it has its own charm and character, which make the word "unique" applicable for once. A word may be added for the guidance of those who are led by the pictures now reproduced to visit this little jewel of Tayside. The ideal approach is by crossing the ferry from Stanley and walking up the bank of the river, rather than by the road. Thus best is appreciated the poet's reference to its "wlonkest waw," as seen from the river bank. And the time should



PLASTERWORK OVER DOWER HOUSE STAIRS.

be in late September or the first days of October, when Tay scenery is at its best.

LAWRENCE WEAVER.

The Country Home next week will be Warwick Castle, Warwickshire, a seat of the Earl of Warwick.

MUSEUM EDUCATION OF OLD & YOUNG.

BY A. E. SHIPLEY.

THE motto of the Museum is, "For the People, for Education, for Science," and the second of these three objects is well catered for, not only by means of specimens carefully set out and carefully labelled to tell some story, but by lecture and by demonstration. Every spring and autumn special courses of lectures are provided exclusively for the museum members, but twice a week throughout the year more popular addresses are given free and open to all comers. Then there are quite elementary lectures for children, often illustrated by cinematograph films—"movies," as they call them in the States. Some of these discourses are correlated with their class work in nature study at the public schools, and lists are prepared which tell the children not only what books they should read on the subject, but in which of the Children's Libraries these books may be found. In 1912, 32,000 children attended these lectures. Most of them are very poor and, but for a fund due to the generosity of Mr. H. Phipps, which pays their fare on the street cars, many would be kept away.



Copyright. ONE OF THE CHAPEL CEILING PAINTINGS "C.L."

Special care has been devoted to the cripple and the blind and, for the latter, specimens, that can be handled and models that can be felt, have been prepared. Large as are the numbers of children who visit the museum, they form but a very small proportion of those whom the museum reaches. This it does in the form of type collections, largely photographic, which are widely circulated throughout the public schools of Greater New York. The year before last 537 of these collections, illustrating nature study, visited 491 schools and came within the range of 1,275,000 children. The room set apart for children at the museum has been mentioned in a previous article.

SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS AND PUBLICATIONS.

The trustees extend a very wide hospitality to scientific academies. Some of the local learned societies habitually hold their meetings within its walls. Local collections are housed and space is found for the ornithologist or entomologist, etc., who is working at the local fauna. In 1912 some twenty-five societies were entertained by the museum, some at regular intervals and some from other centres for their annual meetings only. A further way in which the museum helps education is by its publications, which, in their number and variety, are quite bewildering. Apart from the annual report, which records the varied activities of the departments and gives a financial review of the year, there are a series of "Memoirs" of the nature of monographs, well exemplified by the recent publication in three volumes of Dr. D. G. Elliot's "Primates," the result of ten years' labour on the higher apes; then there are the "Bulletins," in which shorter papers, whose early publication is desired, are printed, and the "Anthropological Papers" recording the results gathered by the Ethnographical Expeditions. Of a more popular nature are the series of "Handbooks," which seek to describe the subjects illustrated by the specimens exposed rather than the specimens themselves; many of these, again, are anthropological and deal with the language, religion and politics of primitive races; in fact, with subjects impossible or difficult to exhibit in glass cases. The "Journal" is a more domestic affair, and treats largely of the internal economy of the museum, new accessions, new exhibits, changes in the staff and so on. This is distributed to all museum members. The "Guide Leaflets," again, are popular, concise and short accounts of such subjects as Peruvian Mummies, the Birds of New York City and its Neighbourhood, the History of Antarctic Exploration, etc. Each gives some account of certain groups of exhibits in the collections and serves to explain them to the layman.

EXPEDITIONS.

Since 1881 the American Museum has depended for additions to its collections far more upon special exploring and collecting expeditions, composed largely of its own men and under its own control, than upon acquisition by purchase, although from time to time large purchases have been made. This plan has a twofold advantage: it attracts vigorous, adventurous young men to its work who would be loath to spend all their days in pinning out insects or sorting shells, and it gives a welcome change of scene and work to the museum staff. Further, it ensures that only first-class specimens are obtained. In its exhibits the Museum makes a determined effort to display its specimens in their natural settings. By means of photographs and paintings even of the climatic and atmospheric conditions, a scene is constructed which makes up the environment of the specimen exhibited. In this way a very large number of photographic and other reproductions have been acquired which are readily lent for use in lectures or for book illustrations throughout the States. In 1912 the museum had in the field no less than thirty-five collecting parties scattered throughout North and South America, Europe, Asia and Africa. A few of these may be mentioned. The Stefansson-Andersen expedition, which was sent out in co-operation with the Canadian Geological Survey after four and a half years' work in the North, has discovered new Eskimo tribes, added much to our knowledge of geography, and has brought back valuable collections. It has now again started out for the Arctic snows. This summer a second Polar expedition leaves under

numerous to mention. Expeditions were also collecting cetacea and other mammals in South Georgia, in Southern Corea and off the Japanese coast. The second African expedition has now spent four years, under the command of J. Chapin and H. Lang, on the Congo, and are sending home specimens of the white rhinoceros, the okapi and the giant eland. Under the charge of W. S. Rainsford a third African expedition is collecting in British East Africa. Finally, the president of the museum, Professor H. F. Osborn, made an exhaustive investigation in the recently opened-up caves of Southern France and Northern Spain and Northern Italy, and has brought back much material illustrating the mode of life, the culture and the art of the Upper Stone Age man. This abbreviated and condensed account of how the world is being scoured for specimens for the American Museum records an enterprise which is in its scope unique in the history of such institutions.

TURTLE-TURNING IN INDIA.

"WHEN do turtles lay their eggs?" I asked the gaunt Mussulman fisherman, who had just delivered a choice consignment of savoury curries to order; trifles I wanted to include in my sketches of things Indian—a saw-fish or so, a hammer-headed shark of sorts, and such-like eccentricities



ON THE TURTLE GROUND NEAR KARACHI.

the charge of D. B. MacMillan to explore the land north-west of Peary's Grant Land. Mr. B. Brown, by his researches in the cretaceous beds of Alberta, has now nearly completed the collections illustrating the life of that period, while other recent explorations in Wyoming, Nebraska, New Mexico "have yielded rich series of fossil mammals." Mr. F. M. Chapman has, by his late expedition to Ecuador and Colombia, added many thousand specimens of birds and mammals to the collections, including numerous new species and genera, and has made a careful study of the "life-zones" of North-West and South America from the coast to the summit of the Andes; while the littoral and coast fauna of South America has been studied and collected by R. H. Beck in a vessel chartered for that sole object. The number of ethnographic expeditions to native reservations, etc., in North America and in Central and South America are too

of Nature, betraying, by their odour, long estrangement from their native element.

"Now, Memsahib," was the unexpected reply.

"What time of day?" was the next question, full of anticipatory delight.

"To-night, Memsahib. At top of tide, all turtle she come up, dig hole, lay eggs."

"And what about the he turtles?"

With a shrug of the shoulders: "P'raps he come up too, to look aroun' a bit, you know. P'raps not; I doan know."

A picture of an aldermanic-waistcoated old he turtle, beaming round on his harem, flashed across my imagination. Just for once—he is a sad deceiver, full of guile and planner of great plans that fail—I saw that Saddie Mahomet was telling the truth, and I might trust him. Therefore a *bundobast* (bargain,

arrangement) was soon made, and after an early dinner we, a party of three, accompanied by a "boy" with a something in the shape of a snack in a bundle—always a bundle in India—drove down to the harbour, full of excitement and curiosity as to what our luck might be, to find the Gaunt One, faithful to his promise, standing like a sentinel in the white moonlight, patiently waiting for us. Had we been hours, even days, late, he would still have stood there waiting, immobile. Time is of no moment in this dreamy land, and "haste is of the Devil." We packed ourselves with rugs and cushions in the stern of the *bunderboat* that awaited us, for people in India have a wonderful idea of comfort and of getting the best out of life—and, sail set, the two men and a half who constituted the crew chopping the water jerkily with their futile little disked paddles, we did a two hours' tortuous crawl across the harbour creek, doubling and turning right back on our track at times, following the unseen channel, under the knowledgeable eye of Saddle Mahomet at the helm. This vast expanse of water would become a reeking, malodorous mud swamp at low tide, with a sinuous brooklet of water only to bring us back on, and that if Allah were good and we did not stick in the mud. All this was explained to us by Saddle to increase the excitement and enhance his own importance and skill. Presently a picture presented itself of our waiting camels sent to meet us a matter of twelve miles or so, round by land, silhouetted on a sand-bar, black against the moon, and as we neared them we heard the crash and roar of the breakers on the shore of the open, shark-infested Arabian Sea, the other side of the narrow

strip of silvery sand we were making for. We eagerly scrambled ashore out of the *bunderboat* and mounted the camels. We lurched along over the loose sand and jutting rocks to the turtle grounds, the natives straggling behind us on foot. The motion was like that of a boat in rough water, for the poor beasts put their feet in deep crab burrows at nearly every step, and, moreover, being unaccustomed to the waves, feared them horribly; so

we, understanding, did not hurry them, eager as we were, but walked delicately, like Agag, being well aware that an awkward fall might result in a snapped limb, and there being no marrow to mend it with in a camel's bone, a pistol-shot in the eye would be the only relief we could possibly give. Besides, we only carried a shot-gun. The hordes of purple and white crabs that fled on tiptoe at our approach, halting at a safe distance to turn round and stand upright, hissing and spitting defiance, so amused and absorbed us as to distract our attention from the purpose in hand. Not that of Saddle, however, for, with a hoarse yell to the stragglers behind, he did an astonishing grand circus act, and, not stopping to halt and kneel the camel, hurled himself, like the arms of a windmill, to the ground and rushed forward to intercept a huge, crawling monster of a turtle he espied that had nearly made its escape into the breakers. The other men joining him, the curious creature was soon tilted and turned over on its back, a helpless fury of flapping flippers and snapping jaws. The camels indulged in ridiculous thrills, panics and strange antics at sight of the fearsome beast, and a camel doing a *pas seul* in the chaste light of the moon is not a dignified sight, and still looked askance even when induced to kneel at a discreet distance from the terror, but gradually settling down at last, through semi-truculent gurgles and bubbling, into serene, indifferent calm, allowing us to pursue our turtle hunt while they chewed the odoriferous cud and discussed us superciliously at their leisure. As we pounded along in the heavy sand, we came upon curious tracks, a yard wide, leading up from

the sea, as though a garden roller with cogged side attachments had recently passed that way. These were the turtle tracks, some old, some new, the heavy egg-laden creatures dragging themselves along with short six-inch digs of their flippers. Each recent track led us up to a turtle, one still toiling up the beach slope, one returning to the sea and others ponderously busy digging their pits with feverish haste, heaving backwards bucketfuls of sand high in the air at every scoop. As long as we kept discreetly behind, and therefore out of sight of the absorbed lady, we were welcome to watch, which we did by the half-hour at a time, occasionally receiving, with smothered laughter, an unintentionally well directed shovelful of sand straight in the face. The pits, we observed, were dug three to four feet across, and from two to three feet deep. Patient watching was rewarded by deposits of leathery-coated white eggs, two inches in diameter, to the number of two to three hundred in each pit. These were carefully covered with clawed-over sand, well trampled down, and made level with the surrounding bank, then left to whatever might betide. The fate of one batch was promptly decided by their being transferred to a large bag brought with forethought for the purpose. Fresh-laid turtle eggs, fried or carried, are by no means despised by the dusky dwellers in our bungalow compound, and would be appreciated, we knew. We saw, by the scratchings, *débris* of eggshells and pugs of jackals, what had become of some pitfuls, and learnt from Saddle Mahomet that when the broods do escape human and four-footed gourmands, and manage to hatch and crawl their way out to the light of day,

very few succeed in reaching the sea, for kites, vultures, pelicans and flamingoes are ready watching for the tender things, and give them short shrift immediately they emerge. Hence the need of so many eggs. Now, a mugger lays far fewer eggs, so she, prudent creature, lurks near and watches them.

When a couple more turtles were turned on their way to the sea, it was borne in upon me forcibly that now was the time, if ever, to realise my ambition, cherished in secret



HEAD OF A KARACHI TURTLE, CHELONIA VIRGATA.

Note the barnacles on the head.

since childhood's hour, to ride a turtle! The proposition was received with acclaim, and there, "On India's coral strand" (only there was not any coral), in the full white light of the moon, followed by a small but appreciative mob, a British matron might have been seen bestriding a turtle and urging on its wild career towards the ocean. She did not really enjoy it! There was a bumpy lift and heave about it that jarred, and the pace was decidedly depressing. Thus perished yet another of childhood's dreams. There was a brilliant enough light to enable us to inspect our captures thoroughly and take accurate measurements with a tape. These proved the shells to be forty-two inches long and thirty-two inches broad, Saddle Mahomet giving it as his opinion that each reptile would tip the scale at three hundred-weight. By careful counting of marginal, vertebral and costal shields, the sapient among us were able to identify this species as the *Caoua olivacea*, or Indian Loggerhead, and to pronounce that it would make excellent soup, which afterwards proved to be correct. Some of the mottled green, white and bronze creatures were brightly coloured, but others looked old and were incrustated on the shell with wonderful bell barnacles, resembling half-open tulips. One vain old matron wore three of these coquettishly disposed over her right eye, in a manner *très chic*.

Noting many empty shells and bleached skulls strewn about the beach, it was explained to us that the hyenas that infest the rocky hills inland make excursions down to the coast when turtles are about, and, seizing the outstretched necks of the reptiles in their powerful jaws, gnaw their heads off. Hyena pugs

abounding among the smaller jackal pugs on the sand gave colour to this story. After disposing of the snack in the bundle we scratched holes in the dry sand, and lying down to rest in the tempting hollows thus made succumbed to the seductive influence of the moonlight, the balmy sea breeze and

the monotonous rhythmical crash of the waves, and all fell fast asleep! We woke at last, and regretfully gazing round on the sweetest slumber place we had ever known, we prepared to hoist and lash our captures on the camels' backs and make tracks for our bunderboat and home.

OLIVE TONGE.

LITERATURE.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

MME. WADDINGTON was married in Paris in 1874, her husband at that time being a Deputy, named to the National Assembly in Bordeaux in 1871, by his Department, the Aisne. Thus her reminiscences begin while the effects of the Franco-Prussian War hung like a dark shadow over France. The value of her book, *My First Years as a Frenchwoman* (Smith, Elder), lies in the reflection it offers of this shadow. Mme. Waddington was uniquely qualified to play the mirror. She is void of prejudice and prepossession. A Republican of the United States, she has no sympathy with the Republicanism of France. Her opinions on any subject are not very pronounced. She figures as a fashionable woman of the world, her mind full of parties and receptions, revels and celebrities. Passing events to her are but as flying clouds darkening for a moment the pools of the translucent brook. Passion, regret, deep sympathy have no place there. Calm, smiling, well bred, she is but the writing finger that "writes and moveth on." France, a very proud nation, had been humbled at the feet of a conqueror, and was making strong but sometimes blind efforts to retrieve her position.

The first notable event chronicled is the court-martial of Bazaine for treachery at Metz. The court was held at the Grand Trianon. The president of the court was the Duc d'Aumale, and around his soldierly figure were grouped a court of stern-faced officers. Bazaine himself we can also figure sitting very still in his armchair, dressed, as if in mockery, in his full uniform with the cordon of the Legion of Honour. It was his plea that it was impossible either to act or treat; there was nothing left in France—no Government, no Orders, nothing—that brought from the Duc d'Aumale the famous rejoinder: "Il y avait toujours La France." He was condemned to be degraded and shot, and it would almost have been better if the latter part of the sentence had been carried out. It would have saved him from a sordid Fifth Act to his life. He died in Spain, poor and obscure, deserted by all his friends and even by his wife.

In those days Madame Waddington would obviously have been pleased had the Royal line been continued. She had very little sympathy with the new movement.

I often asked W. in what way France had gained by being a republic. I personally was quite impartial, being born an American and never having lived in France until after the Franco-Prussian War.

The first period of her story was under what has been called the Marshalate of MacMahon. Her husband was then beginning a very successful career. In 1876 he was, for the second time, made Minister of Education and Fine Arts, and his wife soon learned what correspondence was involved by her position. She had epistles asking her to use her influence with the Minister on every possible subject from the preservation of an historical monument to the pension of an old schoolmaster. Being a foreigner, she says, and not having lived in France, "I didn't really know anything about the various questions," and so she passed them on to the *Chef de Cabinet*, who dealt with them. It was not so easy to escape from the still greater trial of visiting and receiving visitors—"all strangers, with whom I had nothing in common." The great dinners and receptions which she had to give or attend proved more interesting than the smaller functions, and, at any rate, brought her into contact with many very interesting characters. Most amusing is the recital of the difficulties she experienced when entertaining Royalty, in America difficulties like this did not arise. Among the famous acquaintances she met was Mommsen, the great German historian, who liked to come and discuss questions of antiquities and medals with M. Waddington, nothing modern seemed to interest him very much. Franz Liszt was another celebrity of whom she saw a great deal. Those who entertained him tried and generally in vain, to get the old musician to play. If he saw and understood their strategy he invariably refused, but she heard him in London where he fell a victim to an astute *ruse* devised by Count Hatzfeldt, then the German Ambassador to this country. We must let her describe it in her own words, explaining that the plot hatched by the

hostess and the Count was to get the grand piano back into a corner, with the music hidden away and the instrument covered with photographs, vases of flowers, heavy books and so on, as if no one ever dreamed of it being played on. The luncheon was attended by a great many highly distinguished people, and after it was over

Hatzfeldt led the conversation to some evenings when Strauss played his waltzes with an entrain, a sentiment that no one else has ever attained, and to Offenbach and his melodies—one evening particularly when he had improvised a song for the Empress—he couldn't quite remember it. If there was a piano—he looked about. There was none apparently. "Oh, yes; in a corner, but so many things upon it, it was evidently never meant to be opened." He moved toward it, Liszt following, asking Comtesse A. if it could be opened. The things were quickly removed. Hatzfeldt sat down and played a few bars in rather a halting fashion. After a moment Liszt said: "No, no, it is not quite that." Hatzfeldt got up. Liszt seated himself at the piano, played two or three bits of songs, or waltzes, he, always talking to Hatzfeldt, let his fingers wander over the keys and by degrees broke into a nocturne and a wild Hungarian march. It was very curious; his fingers looked as if they were made of yellow ivory, so thin and long, and, of course, there wasn't any strength or execution in his playing—it was the touch of an old man, but a master—quite unlike anything I have ever heard. When he got up, he said: "Oh, well, I didn't think the old fingers had any music left in them."

On one occasion Mr. Gladstone dined with them, with Mrs. Gladstone, rapt in admiration as usual. He got on the subject of the French Revolution, and held forth upon it "in beautiful academic language, and it was most interesting, graphic and exact." Edward VII., then Prince of Wales, was also a visitor at times, and

It was a joy to the French people to see him at some of the small theatres, amusing himself and understanding all the *sous-entendus* and *argot* quite as well as they did. It would almost seem as if what someone said was true, that he reminded them of their beloved Henri IV., who still lives in the heart of the nation.

Another very distinguished statesman with whom she came into contact was Prince Hohenlohe, who took her in to dinner ten times in succession. The eleventh time, finding that they had exhausted all possible topics of conversation, they agreed not to speak to one another. But owing to an accident that is curiously illustrative of the fashion of the time, the understanding fell through:

I had waited for a dress, which only came home at the last moment, and when I put it on the corsage was so tight I could hardly bear it. It was too late to change, and I had nothing else ready, so most uncomfortable I started for my dinner. I didn't dare to eat anything, hardly dared move, which Hohenlohe remarked, after seeing three or four dishes pass me untouched, and said to me: "I am afraid you are ill; you are eating nothing." "No, not at all, only very uncomfortable," and then I explained the situation to him, that my dress was so tight I could neither move nor eat. He was most indignant—"How could women be so foolish—why did we want to have abnormally small waists and be slaves to our dressmakers?—men didn't like made-up figures." "Oh, yes, they do; all men admire a slight, graceful figure." "Yes, when it is natural, but no man understands nor cares about a fashionably dressed woman—women dress for each other" (which is perfectly true).

It seems like an echo from some far-off time to hear a woman of her position trying to justify the habit of tight-lacing.

After MacMahon's resignation Waddington became Prime Minister, and the life of his wife was, as it were, intensified. There is the round of visits, the meeting with interesting people, but now they are mostly Frenchmen—the clever de Freycinet, Jules Grévy, the unfortunate President, Sadi Carnot, whose assassination took place about the time when Waddington's tenure of office was coming to a close. This was one of the reminders cropping up every now and then showing that behind the social gaieties and trivialities of Paris, there was a sea of unrest simmering and ever ready to break forth in violence. The general effect of Bismarck's policy towards France had been to irritate and keep alive the wounds that remained after the war. Only one event seemed to help towards a mutual understanding, and this was the Berlin Conference, which brought the statesmen of both countries into close communication; but the general impression left by these intimate impressions of French official life is that the loss of two fair provinces remained, and probably does still remain, a deadly memory in the hearts of the French people.

TRICK RIDING IN THE CAVALRY.

HARD to please indeed must have been the critic who, present at the opening of the Royal Naval and Military Tournament, came away without a feeling of pride in the proficiency displayed by the men of the mounted branches of our Army. To the superb dash and precision of the musical drives and rides executed by the Royal Horse Artillery and the Cavalry we are accustomed, but as instancing what may be called the independent control over the horse acquired through a course of instruction in a military riding school the display given by the young non-commissioned officers (from the Royal Horse Artillery Riding Establishment) with remounts only four months in training, is an object lesson in itself.

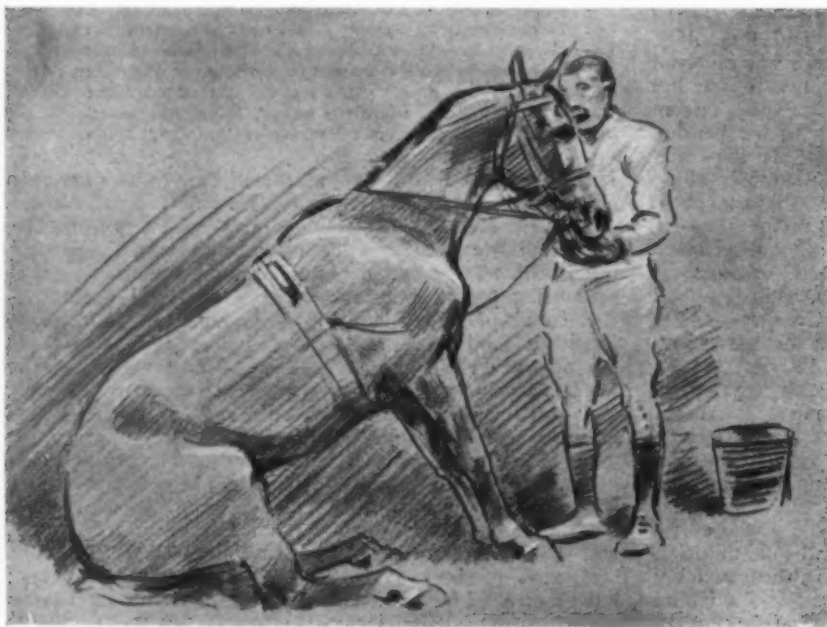
The cavalry soldier, more, perhaps, than any other class of horseman, should be possessed of complete control and mastery of his horse. It is, indeed, necessary that between the trooper and his horse there should be a complete understanding, a thorough knowledge on the part of the rider as to how and when to convey his wishes to the horse and a ready and instant obedience on the part of the horse. It must, too, be taken into account that the cavalryman is a one-handed rider, and that to the cavalry horse there come moments of excitement, sometimes of terror, under the influence of which he might easily get quite beyond control unless thoroughly broken and so trained to obey the various "aids," by which the wishes of his rider are



TEACHING THE TROOPER TO LIE DOWN.



LYING DOWN.



RISING AND RECEIVING THE REWARD.

conveyed to him, that obedience to them has become a second nature. It is to the attainment of these objects—complete control on the part of the rider, ready and instant obedience on that of the horse—that the training of the cavalry soldier and his horse are directed. In all schools of military equitation the methods employed are very similar, nor are the results arrived at in our military

riding schools one whit behind those achieved in foreign armies—certainly not as regards the development of what may be called the really essential education of man and horse. In foreign riding schools more attention is, perhaps, devoted to the teaching of tricks and trick riding, but our own men are little, if anything, behind them even in this branch of the business; many of our cavalry regiments could, indeed, supply the material—men and horses—for an excellent circus.

What, it may be asked, is the use of teaching troop horses to perform tricks? That depends a good deal upon what their "tricks" consist of. It is, for instance, obvious that circumstances might arise in which it would be a distinct advantage if, as a result of having been taught the "trick," troop horses could "lie down" without demur. Equally so if, at the word of command, they would so get up that when the movement was completed their riders would without difficulty find themselves seated in the saddle ready for

immediate action. Vaulting on to a horse, at a stand, a walk, canter or gallop, might be called a "trick," but surely such a "trick" would be a very useful "accomplishment" for a cavalry soldier. In theory, at all events, the days of individual combat have ceased to be; none the less, even in modern warfare, the cavalry soldier might find himself engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle with an adversary—it certainly might be so in some of the "little wars" in which English soldiers are constantly engaged. There is another point in favour of trick-riding in military riding schools—that it lends an added interest to the ordinary routine work through which both men and horses have to go. Moreover, the more intimate the acquaintance between man and horse, the more the one knows how to direct, the other to respond, the better for both when critical moments arise. What the future may bring forth none of us can tell, but we may hope—do hope—that whatever else may be taught in our military riding schools, "politics" will not enter into the curriculum. We, however, call to mind an instance of a "politically" educated troop horse providing no little amusement to some at least of those who witnessed the performance. It so chanced that it was my privilege to assist at the inspection of a crack French cavalry regiment. The Colonel, an ideal cavalry officer, was devoted to the memory of the Emperor. The inspecting officer was most thoroughly imbued with Republican ideas. All had gone well.

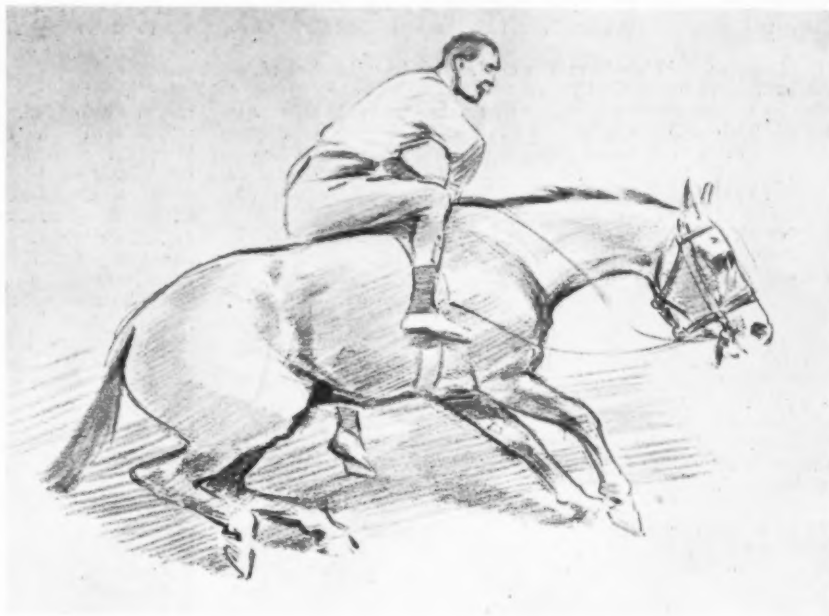
Then came a visit to the riding school. Here the daring bareback riding over jumps exhibited by some of the non-commissioned officers called forth warm praise from the inspecting General. But in an unlucky moment someone suggested that one of these non-commissioned officers could "do anything with his horse." "Good!" said the inspector; "I should like to see what he can do." There was a twinkle in the Colonel's eye when he ordered the *Maréchal de Logis* to show the General what his horse could do—a corresponding twinkle in the old soldier's eye as he proceeded to obey. He turned his horse loose, then suddenly as it was trotting about, came "*Holà!—Attention!*" Motionless the horse stood as if carved out of marble. "*Vive l'Empereur!*" came the word—up went the horse, upon his hind legs till, when as high as he could go, he gave a triumphant neigh. Immediately came another command—"*Vive La Republique!*" Down, down came the horse, down till he lay flat and, to all appearance, dead on the ground. What the Inspecting General thought I do not know; all he said, and that curtly, was "*Assez!*" T.

THE COMING CRICKET SEASON.

BY THE HON. R. H. LYTTELTON.

HOW differently cricket is regarded from any other well established game! Football goes on with only very occasional excitement on some questions about amateurs and professionals playing against each other; tennis, golf, and polo likewise pursue the even tenour of their ways, with nothing to agitate the powers that be except how to maintain our reputations against the American invasion—in the case of tennis and polo. But at the opening of every new cricket season there is an uneasy feeling that all is not well, and most of this uneasiness is owing to the ever recurring appeals from most of the counties against bankruptcy. Cricket, after all, must be a great game if one

considers the heroic self-sacrifice borne by many to keep various county clubs going. The Duke of Portland appeals on behalf of Notts, Lord Derby for Lancashire with its millions, the Duke of Devonshire for Derbyshire, Lord Lilford for Northampton and so on, and even the prosperous counties like Kent, Surrey and Yorkshire, feel a little uncomfortable when they reflect that if all the bankrupt counties drop out for lack of funds and support, there will be only a few rivals for them to play against. However, here we are at the beginning of the season, and still



RISEING, THE MAN MOUNTING SIMULTANEOUSLY.



GYMNASTICS ON HORSEBACK.

Somerset, Worcestershire, Derbyshire, Sussex, Gloucestershire and others come up smiling, as far as the players are concerned, though bankrupt.

This year will be a domestic season, for no Colonial team will be touring, and the old order of county matches, Gentlemen v. Players and the University and Public School matches will be played with undiminished vigour. There seems to be a general complaint of scarcity of bowlers, except in the cases of Yorkshire, Derbyshire and Northampton, and the almost total absence of fast bowlers points to the conclusion that the perfection

of modern wickets makes too heavy calls on the physique of fast bowlers. Hitch is really fast, but there is nobody else, as Fielder is naturally feeling the effects of time, and Buckenham has succumbed to the charm of second-class cricket in Forfarshire. Fast bowling is really not much fun for the bowler. The wickets are so true that in dry weather crack batsmen can hit them all over the place, and they pound away all day and are overworked. Slow and medium pace bowlers have their chance when wet weather makes the wicket treacherous, but on such wickets fast bowlers cannot get a foothold. One result of perfect pitches would seem to be the elimination of really fast bowlers, and it is the same in Australia and South Africa, as Cotter has dropped out.

If one may judge from the cricket up to date, Yorkshire will be hard to beat. In the last two years three or four young cricketers have developed into most valuable men. Booth is one of the best bowlers, and Drake and Kilner are both good all-round men. Hirst can still get wickets, and as a batsman he shows no sign of falling off; and the same may be said of Rhodes. Dolphin is a splendid wicket-keeper, and Sir A. White is gaining experience as a captain as well as batsman. It is possible that Notts have found a good bowler in Barratt. If this should be the case, it will be a good thing not only for Notts, but possibly for England. Surrey want bowlers badly, and no wonder, for of all grounds of the world, there is none where the bowler is more heavily handicapped by perfection of wicket. But Surrey will score so heavily that they will not often be defeated on their own ground. Kent want a fast bowler to replace Fielder, and the committee find it difficult to get amateurs to give the necessary time for county cricket; but Kent have a good side, and will always be most dangerous on soft wickets.

Both Universities are full of old Blues, especially Cambridge. This is lucky for them, as there is nothing striking in the talent of the Freshmen. Oxford, on the contrary, have got several most promising Freshmen as batsmen; but, though it is early to prophecy, the bowling would appear to be by no means strong, and the batting none too good. Mr. Lagden is the only really high-class batsman in the two sides, unless Mr. Knott should come on; but there are many quite capable of getting plenty of runs against amateur bowling. It is to be hoped that both elevens will show good fielding; for if undergraduates cannot field, who can? And this year it will be all the more important, as the bowlers will probably want all the assistance possible.

An article on cricket can hardly be written without a few remarks on Mr. R. E. Foster, whose early death is nothing short of a tragedy. Mr. Foster was one of the born geniuses of the world. He could not help being great, and he belonged to that select band of batsmen, Mr. Yardley, Mr. A. G. Steel and Mr. Jackson, who could get runs when very short of practice. Mr. Foster was of perfect build for a cricketer, but he never had a strong constitution, and in his one Australian tour he was much handicapped by ill-health. During his last year at Oxford he was at his best, and though, of course, his great innings of 287 in the first Test match of Mr. Warner's first Australian tour in 1903-4, and his 171 in his last University match in 1900 are the two innings that are most talked about, his greatest feat was the scoring a 102 not out and 136 against the players at Lord's in 1900. It is very likely true to say that this performance has never been surpassed, at any rate during the last twenty years. His great Australian innings was, no doubt, on a far easier wicket, and the Australian bowling was not so strong as of yore, but as a display of hard as well as of accurate hitting all round the wicket, it could not have been surpassed. As a slip fieldsman he was also as good as anybody ever has been. He was one of those batsmen who when once set could hit nearly any ball for four, and his early death at the age of thirty-six is pathetic.

LAWN TENNIS.

THE COMING SEASON.

THERE is a great deal more lawn tennis played than is played in tournaments. Go into the parks and see the people playing there. They are not, of course, playing lawn tennis at all, in the proper sense; but they are getting just as much fun, just as much health and very nearly as much exercise as if they were doing the thing as it ought to be done. Yes; even those who, to all seeming, wholly disregard the late Ernest Renshaw's famous maxim, "First thing to do—get the ball over the net," still gather enjoyment and health from the pursuit of the game. Even club players there are by the thousand to whom the very idea of playing in an open tournament would be nerve-shattering. Yet deep down in the hearts even of most of these dwells the hope of some day attaining to such a pitch of skill that they too may share in the more public glories of the tournament player. They go, perhaps, to look on at some tournament held near their dwelling-place; they see people playing who, they think, are not so very much better than themselves; the fire of incentive is lit. They will practise hard, and perhaps enter next year. Thus the ever increasing army of tournament players is recruited; year by year its battalions grow bigger. An examination of the lists of entries at tournaments generally during the past five years shows a general average increase of close on fifty per cent; and each season shows also an increase in the number of tournaments held in this country. In some of the weeks in the holiday

months of July and August there are from ten to twenty tournaments going on simultaneously. Winter play, since the recrudescence of the hard court only a few years back, has increased enormously; and there are now quite a number of hard court tournaments on the fixture list. But it is the summer—the grass court season—that really counts. From the middle of May till the end of September tournament follows tournament from Surbiton to Eastbourne, with the high festival of the Championships at Wimbledon at the end of June to divide the tournament player's season into the serious and the holiday game. Reputations are made, perhaps, elsewhere; it is at Wimbledon only that they must stand or fall. And, in the nature of things, since one only can be "champion," more fall than stand.

There are two drawbacks to Wimbledon. The first is that it comes a fortnight too soon. Only five weeks grass court play precedes the Championships Fortnight, and some of the best players have not had sufficient hard practice to tune themselves up. Later on in the year they often beat their Wimbledon conquerors. Another fortnight's play beforehand would alter the result of many an important match at headquarters. The second drawback is that the three principal championships—the two singles and the men's doubles—are, by tradition coeval with the game, decided by a "challenge round," and therefore the issue of them, so far as the previous year's winner is concerned, hangs only on a single match. Controversy in its acutest form annually rages round this subject of the holder's "standing out"; but the advocates of the "challenge round" have little or nothing except tradition to advance in its favour, whereas those who think that the holder should "play through" can certainly bring forward all the equitable arguments. It is all in the holder's favour to defend his title against a player who has had the strain and effort—and nowadays it is a tremendous strain and effort—of hard matches for ten days out of him. The "challenge round" survives only at Wimbledon, though it was once almost universal, and, although all in favour of upholding tradition, I cannot help feeling that, with the spread of the game all over the world, its presence even there has become an anachronism. The present holder of the men's singles championship, A. F. Wilding, has expressed himself in favour of the change being made; and to him, as to most people, to win the title would give infinitely greater satisfaction if he had to play on exactly equal conditions with all other competitors. At the present time it is, for example, a much bigger and more satisfactory thing to win the amateur championship at golf than it is at lawn tennis, because in golf the holder "plays through."

The mention of golf reminds one that, while last year the Americans devoted their cousinly ambitions to wrestling the lawn tennis championship from us—or, rather, from its New Zealand-Cambridge University holder—this year, though they threaten us with violence in the amateur golf championship, they have ceased for the moment to compete for the lawn tennis championship. This year the meteoric McLaughlin remains at home to defend the Davis Cup: the Wimbledon crowd will not be thrilled by his unconquerable service and ferocious volleying. But we shall not be altogether without thrills. Norman Brookes, the Australian, who descended upon us and was the first outside the British Isles to win the singles championship in 1907, is again with us, and there is no reason to doubt that his left hand still retains all its cunning. Even more interesting than his reappearance, however, is the advent from India of A. R. F. Kingscote, the "mystery-man" of the game. Nobody knows quite how good Kingscote is. Even short of practice, he has shown himself as good as our best; with the practice that this year he will at last be able to obtain (he is a gunner, on leave), he is perfectly capable of becoming the best British player since the days of the Dohertys. Youth, courage and determination are his; and, in addition to these intrinsic qualities, he has every stroke in the game. Much is expected of him, and we may hope that that expectation will not be disappointed. It is not too much to say that he and J. C. Parke, the brilliant Irish descendant of Hamilton, Pim and the Chaytors, are almost the sole hopes of this country to regain the laurels which she once held unquestioned.

T. R. BURROW.

TENNIS.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

THE Amateur Championship of 1914 ended in so sensational a victory for Mr. Baerlein, and incidentally for the English school of tennis as opposed to the American, that the unpleasant fact that America, and not England, holds the blue riband in this sport is apt to be lost sight of. Mr. Jay Gould, by his easy victory over our finest professional, Covey, now occupies the unique position of Champion of the World at tennis, be it amateur or professional. That England must do her best to win back this distinction in the near future goes without saying. And to whom are we to look as England's prospective champion? Mr. Baerlein, on the form shown in his match against Mr. Crane, is the first obvious choice. But his victory was one rather of brain than of execution. He knew the weak points of his opponent's play, and attacked them mercilessly and successfully.

It is generally acknowledged that Mr. Baerlein is not the equal of Johnson, the Moreton Morrell professional; but the latter, in his match with Mr. Crane, won by a very much smaller margin than did Mr. Baerlein, and this because he did not vary his game so as to search out the weak spots in his opponent's armour, but contented himself with playing his ordinary game, which suited Mr. Crane to a nicety. It is a very gratifying fact that Mr. Baerlein has entered for the M.C.C. challenge prizes this year, as for the last three years the name of the amateur champion has unfortunately been absent from the list of competitors in this event, the winning of which for so long was regarded as the ultimate distinction to be achieved by British tennis players. Londoners will be able to see more of Mr. Baerlein's admirable play, and it is surely not too much to hope that he will take part in some of the exhibition matches which are a feature of the Lords' court at the time of the Oxford and Cambridge and Eton and Harrow matches. It will be a great treat

to see him play against some of our leading professionals, and from his performances it would be possible to gather what chance he has of regaining the championship title from Mr. Gould.

And after Mr. Baerlein, to whom are we to look? At present the list of young professional players who show signs of future excellence is lamentably small. On the other hand, there are one or two amateurs who competed in the championship who may go very far. The future performances of the two youngest competitors, Mr. H. W. Leatham and the Hon. J. N. Manners, will be watched with absorbing interest by all tennis lovers. Mr. Leatham seems to be an in-and-out player. His game against Major Cooper Key was exceptionally brilliant, and proved him a player of quite the highest class. On the other hand, he had been beaten by Mr. Ashworth at Princes Club a few days before, and on that occasion had not produced form that would justify any judge of the game in regarding him as a potential champion.

A. R. H.

ON THE GREEN.

BY HORACE HUTCHINSON AND BERNARD DARWIN.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF THE LADIES' CHAMPIONSHIP.

I DID not go to Hunstanton to scoff, but if I had I should certainly have remained to pray. I doubt whether anybody appreciates how well the best lady golfers can play until they have watched a championship.

If I may continue to be egotistical, I certainly did not appreciate it myself, although I had seen something of their play. I had watched Miss Cecil Leitch beat Mr. Hilton in their unforgettable match of three years ago, and I had myself played in the match at Stoke Poges in which a very strong team of ladies, receiving the odds of a half, were beaten by a team of men. The quality of the golf at Hunstanton was, however, in the nature of a revelation. Some of the driving was very long: Miss Ravenscroft, more especially before she broke her cherished driver; Miss Leitch, Miss Doris Chambers, Miss Stocker and several others can, and habitually do, hit the ball a distance which the ordinary "man in the street" golfer would give his eyes to equal; but it was rather the admirable straightness of the best lady players that was so striking. A man—and quite a good man too—will deem himself playing very nicely if he gets a series of fours at holes which call for a drive and a half-iron shot. If he gets a string of fours at genuine two-shot holes, when the second stroke is played with a brassey, he will be as proud as a peacock. Now, for most ladies the drive-and-iron hole calls for two full shots; very often they have

to steer the brassey shot between two bunkers that do not trouble the man in the least, because he can carry them. Under the circumstances, the number of fours they get and the straightness of their brassey shots is truly remarkable: how remarkable, men will probably not realise till they themselves have to play on a course seven thousand yards long.

The tournament was a testimony alike to the skill of those who preside over the handicapping of the Ladies' Golf Union and to the kindness of Fortune in the matter of the draw. There are but five lady "scratch" players—Miss C. Leitch, Miss Ravenscroft, Miss Dodd, Miss Grant-Suttie and Miss Teacher. Miss Teacher was absent, and as regards the other

four, Fortune arranged things so well that each was in a separate quarter of the draw. Furthermore, each of the four played so well as to come successfully through her quarter, and thus we saw the ideal semi-final round with the four best players surviving. And what magnificent matches followed! The sad part of it was that one could only look at one at a time. Miss Leitch *versus* Miss Grant-Suttie was so full of thrills that one could not spare a moment to look at Miss Ravenscroft and Miss Dodd, who, though they did not play in the usual grim silence of a championship, but munched apples together in the friendliest manner, even yet played beautiful golf. Miss Grant-Suttie's spurt against Miss Leitch was as dramatic as anything could be. All the week she had been getting into bunkers, getting out of them again with matchless skill, and then running down a long putt to complete her opponent's discomfiture; but when she was three down with four to play against Miss Leitch, even her warmest admirers had almost given up hope. Nevertheless, she took the next three holes running, and Miss Leitch deserved infinite credit for the way she pulled herself together and won the last hole after all.

It is always satisfactory when a championship is won by a player whom everybody admits to be worthy of the honour, and Miss Leitch is most emphatically a champion. On this particular occasion she played her most brilliant golf in some of the earlier rounds, when her victims were unworthy of her steel, and in her two really hard matches against Miss Grant-Suttie and Miss Ravenscroft she played well enough



MISS CECIL LEITCH.



MISS MARTIN SMITH.

to win, but not nearly so well as she can play. But even leaving her golf at this meeting on one side, she has given abundant proofs this year that her championship was long overdue, and everybody will be glad that she has won it. She is a decidedly stronger player now than when she beat Mr. Hilton. Not so much in her wooden club play, I think, which, though often very powerful, was yet inclined to be erratic; she has a very pronounced "duck" in her driving swing which always threatens danger. Whereas, however, three years ago she was not at all a convincing putter, she now putts really well as a rule in a style that is both sound and graceful—and here I may add, in parenthesis, that, whether women putt worse than men or better, they certainly adopt much more becoming attitudes for the purpose. But the best part of Miss Leitch's game is unquestionably her iron play; here, again, she has improved very much, and is both a powerful and accomplished player with all her iron clubs. There was one point very noticeable about her iron play, and that was her power of playing a shot with stop on it. If one stood by some putting green where the players were out of sight, and watched the balls come up one after the other, one saw a great many that raced right over the green. Presently one would arrive, pitched boldly up to the pin, so that it seemed sure to go over; instead, it would bite the ground and pull up in a very few yards, and a minute or so afterwards Miss Leitch would appear over the top of the hill. Miss Ravenscroft, too, has a fine, firm way with her long iron, coming down hard on the ball and excising a formidable divot; but she has not quite the same power of stopping the ball that Miss Leitch has, and Miss Ravenscroft fully earned her place in the final, and might very well have won if her driving had not suddenly forsaken her. She tried gallantly to make amends by running down long putts, but her wooden club play is usually so very fine that its temporary loss was an irretrievable disaster. Miss Dodd showed herself a most neat and accurate golfer, an excellent putter, and a past-mistress of the pitch and run shot in all its branches. Of those who may be fairly called future champions, Miss Winifred Martin Smith and Miss Stocker were probably the best, and Miss Stocker, with her beautifully free and powerful style, is especially a player of great possibilities. Miss Bastin is another very good young player, and so is Miss Vera Ramsay. If I am alive I hope to be at Newcastle next year to see them playing better still. B. D.

THE AMATEUR CHAMPIONSHIP.

AS we go to press before this event is decided, it has been arranged to defer comment till next week, when we hope to publish a full and careful review of the play.

HABITS OF THE BRITISH AVOCET.

A RELATIVE of mine, writing to me a short time since, described a bird which he had lately seen feeding among a flock of green plover on the coast of North Lancashire. He is a good observer and noticed especially the curiously upturned bill of the bird in question. From his description there is no doubt that this bird was an avocet, now, unfortunately, to be ranked among the rarest of our casual visitors. The avocet (*Recurvirostra avocetta*) was formerly a well-known British bird, coming to us chiefly in summer and breeding in the fens of Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire, on Romney Marsh, and on the coastline and estuaries of the Humber and of Norfolk and Suffolk. Colonel Montagu, who published his excellent "Ornithological Dictionary" in 1802, states that it was then found in this country "at all seasons, though in winter it chiefly frequents the seashore." He states, moreover, that although it was chiefly found in our Eastern Counties, it was to be met with about the mouth of the Severn and sometimes in Shropshire.

This very beautiful and elegant wader can scarcely be confounded with any other bird, its long, slender and singularly upturned bill, resembling, as someone has remarked, two thin pieces of whalebone, coming to a point and turning upwards, being in itself easily sufficient to mark it out from any other British bird. The full spring plumage is a clear black and white on the upper parts, the under parts being all spotless white. The tail is ashy grey; the iris is reddish brown; the legs and feet are leaden coloured. The sexes are alike in plumage. The bird stands on long legs and measures about eighteen inches. The feet are webbed. In autumn, after the moult, the light portions of the plumage are greyish—the exact colour described to me by my Lancashire correspondent—and there is less black on the upper plumage. As the Fen Country was drained and reclaimed and population increased, the quiet nesting haunts of the avocet became more and more circumscribed; and by

the end of the first quarter of the last century this beautiful species seems to have become unknown as a nesting species in Britain. Its increasing rarity made it, of course, a much more desirable prey to the collector and the shore shooter; to this must be added the unfortunate fact that the avocet's plumage was at one time in considerable demand for artificial flies. It has been stated that a considerable colony of these birds at Salthouse was destroyed many years since in order to satisfy this demand. By the middle of the last century this bird was quite a rare species. Still, avocets come to us in small numbers from the Continent on the spring migration, as well as, more rarely, in autumn; a good many of them, unfortunately, to fall victims to the casual gunner and the ravenous "collector." The specimen seen by my correspondent on the Lancashire coast was no doubt an autumn migrant, which, making its way south from Denmark, the southern shores of the Baltic, or some other part of North Europe, had passed or been driven by the winds somewhat to the westward of its usual course.

These birds still breed in those localities (the Baltic and Denmark) as well as in the Frisian Islands and on the coast of Holland. Other breeding haunts are the Rhone Delta and the Guadalquivir marshes. On migration the avocet is found in many parts of Europe; it is a partially resident species on the Mediterranean littoral, and is common on the shores of the Black Sea, Caspian and Sea of Aral. It has a very wide geographical distribution, passing in summer across Asia to North China, and being found as far south as Ceylon in winter. On the approach of our northern winter, numbers of these waders trek southward through Africa, until they reach Cape Colony. They have been found also in Madagascar. Four species of avocet have thus far been recognised by scientists, three of which are found in North America, the Andes and Australia.

Some curious old vernacular names, bestowed in the past by English country folk on this bird, have been preserved. Among them are "scooper," manifestly from the action of the bird in plying its bill for food in mud and sand; then we have "cobbler's-awl duck," "shoeing-horn," "yelper," "barker" and "clinker." The Dutch name for the avocet in Holland is "kluit," derived, manifestly, from its clear call, which is usually twice or oftener repeated. In South Africa the Boers know this bird as "bonte-elsje" (pied cobbler's awl) and "sprinken-vogel." The avocet, usually found in small flocks, loves chiefly the estuaries of tidal rivers, and the shores of lakes, inland seas and shallow lagoons, upon all of which it finds the aquatic insects, worms and small crustaceans upon which it feeds. In feeding, these birds usually employ a curious sideways scooping action of the bill, but they also occasionally search for food with a straightforward dipping motion. I have only seen these birds twice in England—once on the coast of Sussex, once in Norfolk—but in South Africa I have had many more opportunities of watching their slender, graceful forms and curious habits. As they pass down Africa on their winter flight, they stop at many a river, lake and pan, and I have seen them not only on the shores of Cape Colony, but on various waters and pans far up country, in Bechuanaland, and elsewhere. I once watched a flight of these unique waders on a large, shallow brack-pan at Morokweng in the Lower Kalahari. This pan during the rains held a few inches of water, and was, in fact, for a brief season a big, shallow lake, wherein many wading birds, such as avocets, stilt-plovers, ring-plovers, sea-cow birds (treble-collared plovers), stints, sandpipers and others fed and disported themselves. Two avocets fed for some time within less than fifty yards of where I was sitting, and with my field-glass I could note their graceful and very singular movements most clearly. Most of their food seems to be collected by the very curious sideways scooping method, the mud or sand being carefully searched in this manner.

Six years ago, in the waders' aviary at the Zoological Society's Gardens, a pair of avocets not only nested, but successfully incubated their eggs, of which three were laid. The male bird often took a turn at the sitting. Incubation lasted twenty-five days—from May 19th to June 13th—and at the end of that time three chicks were hatched out. Unfortunately, in a scrimmage with another male avocet, two of the nestlings were trampled on and killed. The survivor did well for a time, but whether or not it reached maturity I am uncertain. The chicks, when hatched, had practically straight bills, and even after a week's interval the bill of the survivor could scarcely be described as "distinctly curved," which Yarrell stated in his famous work to be the case with the newly hatched birds. The mother bird fostered her surviving infant in rather curious fashion, sitting down, very much in the attitude of a struthious bird, and covering the young one with her breast feathers, which formed a kind of protecting shield, ending in a point. In this position only the legs were to be seen.

As I have said, these very beautiful and singular waders still come to us occasionally in small flights. If people would only leave them alone, especially in springtime, and refrain from shooting them, it is just possible that they might once more be tempted to breed again in the wild state in these islands. The bittern has actually nested and brought out its young, within the last few years, in the Norfolk Broad country. Why should not the avocet be allowed to do the same? The thing is surely—given some kind of protection—within the bounds of possibility. H. A. BRYDEN.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

MIGRATIONS OF NORWEGIAN GAME BIRDS.

FROM keepers and shepherds fairly reliable information can generally be obtained as to the prospects for the Twelfth on a Scotch or North of England grouse moor, but such is not the case with regard to ryper shootings on the mainland of Norway, and however optimistic the spring and summer reports may be, the lessee of such a tract of country is liable—as the writer has not infrequently found out—to be unpleasantly disappointed when he commences operations on August 25th. He may have left a good stock of birds the previous season, discouraged snaring among the peasants, and incited these worthies to the destruction of animals and birds of prey; but he is, nevertheless, apt to find that so far from there being an increase in the number of ryper on his ground, there is a very perceptible diminution. Although weather incidents are, no doubt, the cause of many disappointing experiences, they are in the nature of things more or less local and partial in their effects. To them, or even any combination of them, can hardly be ascribed the wholesale and sudden disappearance of the ryper from an extensive district such as occurred last year in Stallingdal. Up to the end of the winter snaring season there were plenty of birds everywhere; then, without any apparent cause or reason, they took their departure, and the shooting was a failure. The direction taken would seem to have been westerly, for in September there were so many ryper that a couple of young men shot more than two thousand in a week. They arrived, people said, in great packs. That such movements on a large scale from one tract of country to another are by no means uncommon has long been recognised. In his "Scandinaviens Fauna" Professor Nilsson states as an unquestionable fact that both willow grouse and wood game birds undertake them, and Forster-Barth—than whom probably no better authority on the ryper exists—in his "Erfaringer fra Jagten" quotes several instances that came under his notice. In 1866—1871, he writes, the ryper disappeared almost entirely from the vast Gudbrandsdal fields, while far to the west the moorlands in the Bergen Stift swarmed with these birds during the same period. In 1872 they returned, and he describes that season in Gudbrandsdal as one of the best he ever had, and that although practically no breeding stock remained from the series of bad years.

Barth also states that in exceptionally severe winters the ptarmigan in Nordland and Finnmarken come down from the mountains to the coast in immense numbers, and that they even take up their abode temporarily on the islands. (Such is the case, it may here be interpolated, under similar circumstances on the West Coast of Greenland, where these birds sometimes arrive in the Danish Settlements from the interior in huge flocks.) While of opinion that ptarmigan are more local in their tendencies than their near relatives, the willow grouse, Gregersen, another recognised Norwegian authority on game, states that he has observed two great migrations in the western mountains, as the result of which a large tract of country was almost entirely denuded of ptarmigan. In each case the cause was the same. A very heavy fall of snow was followed by rain and a partial thaw, after which a sharp frost set in; a crust of ice so thick as to be impenetrable to the birds was thus formed, and they immediately departed.

Capercaillie, in their migrations from one tract of forest to another, frequently cover great distances. In his description of a journey, "Fra Södra Sverige till Nordlandene i Norge," in 1816 Professor Nilsson states that the preceding winter large numbers of capercaillie had suddenly made their appearance in Vaerdal (one of the Trondhjem Fjord valleys). They were of an unusually small size, and were believed to have come all the way from Siberia. And so, too, about the year 1881 packs of these birds arrived in the Solör district (to the east of the Mjösjön Lake). The native hunters accounted for a great many, and described them as being much darker in colour, smaller and more thick-set than any they had ever seen before. About the same time, it may be remarked, a great migration into Norway of Siberian sand grouse took place, and in 1900-1901 Siberian jays made their appearance in large numbers. It is a curious fact, taken in connection with the wholesale departure of the ryper, that the capercaillie and black game also would seem to have left Stallingdal recently, and that in parts of the district, where in 1912 these birds were comparatively plentiful, there are now none to be seen.

At a numerously attended meeting of that influential association, the "Norsk Jaeger og Fister Forening," recently held in Christiania, the whole subject of the migrations—partial and otherwise—of Norwegian game birds was discussed at considerable length, and some highly interesting experiences were given by several of the experts present. Professor Fridtjof Nansen, who initiated the debate, was of opinion that there are periods of years during which the ryper throughout practically the whole country are very appreciably less numerous than usual, and this he thinks may be due to an epidemic disease, similar probably to the grouse disease in Scotland, which attacks more especially the young birds. But the fact that ryper which have died of such a sickness are never found seems to militate against this theory; nor is it certain that such an apparently general

lack of birds may not be due to their having migrated to parts of Norway from which reliable reports are not obtainable, or even across the frontier to Sweden, Finland or Russian Lapland.

G. L.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

LONG-TAILED BATS AT THE ZOO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A number of Indian long-tailed bats (*Rhinopoma microphyllum*)

have just arrived at the Zoological Gardens. The species has not previously been exhibited there. The most remarkable feature about these bats, and one that distinguishes them from all others, is the great length and slenderness of their tail. This member is entirely free except at the extreme base, where it is attached to a small membrane stretching between the legs. Another peculiar feature is that two joints are present in the second, or index, finger, while situated upon the tip of the nose is a curious fleshy knob, somewhat suggesting the leaf-like prominences common to several species of bats. The long-tailed bats have the power of accumulating a store of fat around their thighs and tail, upon which they are able to sustain life during the cold weather and when food is scarce, by absorbing into their system the nourishment contained therein. It is stated that these masses of fat are sometimes so large that they exceed in weight the rest of the animal's body. These bats are found in north-east Africa and also in Burma.—B.



W. S. Berridge.

Copyright.

INDIAN LONG-TAILED BAT.

THE INDIAN AND THIBETAN GAZELLE HORNS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—It may interest some of your readers to compare the accompanying photographs of horns of the Indian gazelle, or chinkara (*Gazella Bennettii*) and the Thibetan gazelle, or goa (*Gazella pectinicornis*), with the normal and abnormal specimens of the former, figured in *COUNTRY LIFE* for May 9th. It will be observed that the curved horns of the chinkara closely resemble the ordinary horns of the goa. Both my specimens were shot by me many years ago, and are among the best that I have seen. They each measure 13 in. in length. The best chinkara horns I



HORNS OF THE INDIAN AND THE THIBETAN GAZELLE.

ever saw measured 14in., and the best goa horns 14½in.—ALEXANDER A. A. KINLOCH (Major-General).

[The chinkara is closely allied to the Edmi, or atlas, gazelle (*Gazella cuvieri*) found in North Africa. The "chink," as it is popularly called, stands about 25in. at the shoulder, and is characterised by the absence of

in-turning of the tips of the horns. The best recorded head of this species is given at 15½in. (length) in the sixth edition of Rowland Ward's Records. The 14½in. goa head mentioned by Major-General Kinloch is apparently not recorded, the longest horned specimen given is 14½in., in the possession of the Hon. W. Rothschild.—ED.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

GOOD COTTAGES, WELL BUILT AND WELL PLANNED.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to endorse all that Mr. Troup says in his letter of the 15th inst., and to say how much I appreciate your efforts to bring home to the public the fact that good cottages, well built and well planned, are a most valuable asset to the country. Like most of your readers, I have been struck with the ingenuity and cleverness displayed in the planning of these houses, and particularly with the way in which the local characteristics and traditions have been adhered to in the various counties. In only one way I venture to criticise, and that is, in nearly all cases the cost is placed too low, and if intending builders rely upon these figures they will be disappointed. It is probable that those to be built by various people may in these special cases be erected for the sums stated, but so much depends upon local and other circumstances that no reliable data can be based, in my opinion, upon these isolated examples. I can claim a fairly wide experience of cottage building, having designed and built cottages during the past twenty years in as many different counties in England and Wales, and in hardly any case could they be put up for such sums as your competitors state, though planned, many of them, in a similar manner. Cottages built some miles from a railway station, a brick yard or stone quarry, where heavy and expensive cartage is incurred and workmen find it difficult to obtain lodgings, naturally cost more than those built in more convenient places. Laying on water to outlying districts, the varying and continually increasing prices of labour and materials in different localities have to be taken into account, and all add to the cost, and it would be of great service if after these cottages have been erected full particulars were given as to the materials used, the cost of same, cartage and other useful facts, so that the actual cost could be compared with the published estimates.—E. GUY DAWBER, Hon. Secretary to the Royal Institute of British Architects.

A STOAT STORY OF THE REV. J. G. WOOD'S.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—That excellent but, I fear, half-forgotten observer, the Rev. J. G. Wood, in "The New Illustrated Natural History," published, I believe, some forty years ago, gives an account of an attack by stoats, which, in view of the correspondence in your columns recently, may be of interest: "On account of its agile limbs, sharp teeth and furious disposition even a single stoat would be an unchancy opponent for an unarmed man. But if several stoats should unite to attack a single man, he would find himself in a bad case, armed or not. Such a circumstance has been lately communicated to me, my informant having heard of it from the lips of the principal actor in the scene. A gentleman was walking along a road near Bricklade, when he saw two stoats sitting in the path. He idly picked up a stone and flung it at the animals, one of which was struck and knocked over by the force of the blow. The other stoat immediately uttered a loud and peculiar cry, which was answered by a number of its companions, who issued from a neighbouring hedge and sprang upon their assailant, running up his body with surprising rapidity and striving to reach his neck. As soon as he saw the stoats coming to the attack, he picked up a handful of stones, thinking he would be able to repel his little enemies, but they came boldly on in spite of the stones and of his stick. Most providentially a sharp wind happened to be blowing on that day and he had wound a thick woollen comforter round his neck, so that he was partially protected. Finding that he had no chance of beating off his pernicious animals, he flung his stick down, fixed his hat firmly over his temples and, pressing his hands to his neck so as to guard that perilous spot as much as possible from the sharp teeth of the stoats, set off homewards as fast as he could run. By degrees several of the animals dropped off, but others hung so determinedly to their opponent that when he arrived at his stables no less than five stoats were killed by his servants as they hung on his person. His hands, face and part of his neck were covered with wounds, but owing to the presence of mind with which he had defended his neck, the large blood vessels had escaped without injury. The distance from the spot where he had been attacked to his own home was nearly four miles."—T. P. S.

THE KINDLY ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The following incident is, I think, of sufficient interest to record. In a garden here a thrush built a nest this April in thick wall ivy. Three eggs

were laid, and a robin laid one in the nest. The three thrushes hatched out, the robin's egg was added. Both robins helped to feed the young thrushes.—A. G. KEALY.

HERALDIC NATURAL HISTORY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Can any of your numerous readers enlighten me on the subject of the accompanying picture, a reproduction of a curious old engraving of James Stuart, one of the early Kings of Scotland? I lately became possessed of this print, and, upon enquiry at the Print Room at the British Museum, found another copy there, labelled "James II. Engraved by D. Custos for George Shingen's Itinerarium. 1600." This King died from the bursting of a cannon at the siege of Roxburgh Castle, then held by the English, in 1460. From the costume I should judge the portrait to represent James III. of Scotland, who reigned from 1460 to 1488 and was murdered after the battle of Sauchieburn. This King was greatly interested in his navy, and the fact that the portrait is really his and not that of his father, James II. The point I wish to help upon is, however, rather one of natural history (heraldic) than of costume and date. It is, I believe, a well ascertained fact that the Unicorn figured as the supporter of the Royal shield or coat of arms of the Scottish Kings—the shield bearing a rampant lion. At the Union of the Crowns this animal was taken over and now forms the sinister supporter of the Royal shield of Great Britain and Ireland. It is thus described heraldically: "A Unicorn, argent, armed, crined and unguled or, gorged with a coronet composed of crosses, patée and fleurs-de-lys, with a chain affixed passing between the forelegs and reflexed over the back of the last." In the engraving—copy of which is shown herewith—the supporter of King James's shield is a strange beast, which may be meant for a stag, but which is certainly not a unicorn. The antlers are badly drawn, obviously, but they seem to represent, crudely, those of a nine-pointer stag. It should be noted also that this animal has a short tail, like that of a red deer, while the heraldic unicorn is always represented with a long tail, having a pronounced tuft at the end. Why a stag should be thus represented I cannot tell. I never heard of this animal being figured as a supporter of the Royal arms of Scotland. If any of your readers can help me in this curious and perplexing problem I should be very grateful. As to the unicorn, there seems to be a strong presumption that this singular heraldic beast was originally derived from one of the oryxes of North and

East Africa or Arabia, to which is closely allied the magnificent gemsbok (*Oryx gazella*) of South Africa. The figure of the heraldic animal which anciently formed the supporters of the shield of John, Duke of Bedford—brother of Henry V.—almost exactly resembled that of an oryx. The oryx is believed to have become known to the early Crusaders and was probably adopted by them, as in this instance, with some alteration, as an heraldic device. The long, straight horns of this antelope, seen in profile, appear as one, and when the animal puts down its head with the horns pointing forwards, as it does when bayed by dogs, the resemblance to the likeness of the fabled unicorn is yet more striking. It is not impossible that the unicorn was thus evolved. The portrait of King James is a very interesting one. He has the melancholy and fated air which distinguishes so many of the portraits of the later members of this ancient but most unfortunate family. The resemblance to James Francis Stuart, the Chevalier de St. George, commonly known as the Old Pretender, a direct descendant who lived eight generations later, is especially marked. The headgear is very curious and almost exactly resembles the shape of the straw hat of our bluejackets of the present day.—H. A. BRYDEN.

PIGS AND A "DRENCH."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Over sixty years ago there was little said about swine fever, though the cattle plague was not unknown, the usual remedy when anything was amiss with cattle and swine was a "drench." Each cattle or pig doctor might have his own particular drench, yet a very common one was the bottoms of ale or wine casks—the leys, in fact, or ale that had turned with thunder. A bucketful was made hot, a pound or so of "treacle foots" added, with half a pound or more of pounded root ginger. This put into the pig's trough was greedily supped and the cure was complete. I remember on occasion when a sow just farrowed had "milk fever." The bottoms of a wine cask was emptied into a pail, the above mixture put in and made hot. The sow and her farrow readily "gobbled it up" and a fine demonstration followed.



WHAT IS THE SUBJECT?

of the much used expression to describe, "As Drunk as David's Sow," with the little ones thrown in. The old lady literally rooted up the styce, getting out under the door into the garden patch, where she enacted the drunk to a T, the little ones shaping likewise. Next morning she and they were "as right as a trivet" and ready for another tippie of the same quality.—T. R.

SHEEP AT PLAY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—On reading Mr. Lionel Edwards' interesting article on animals at play in COUNTRY LIFE for May 9th, he mentions that he has never seen adult sheep at play. I should like to say that my sister and I, in watching the lambs playing in our meadows, have noticed that the mother sheep frequently join in the lambs' races, though we have never seen them playing at anything else.—SYLVIA M. CRAWFORD CAFFIN.

MILKING SHEEP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph which may prove of some interest to the readers of COUNTRY LIFE. Pictures of milking, both cows and goats, are common enough, but how often does one come across a picture illustrating sheep-milking? The practice is one I have seldom seen, and then only among some of the Bedouin Arabs. The sheep are herded together, heads to the



BEDOUINS MILKING THEIR SHEEP.

centre, a rope being fixed round the head of one animal and twisted round the necks of the rest, and a boy or girl stands by to keep the sheep still while another person milks. The milking is done from behind, as with goats, and the sheep will yield from three to four pints of milk.—F. H. BROOKSBANK.

OAKS AND FROST.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Going for a ride yesterday through Nuthurst and Lapworth, we noticed that here and there the oak trees were quite brown up to a certain line, while above the foliage was green and fresh. I have never noticed such a thing before. In the churchyard here we are trying to grow an oak to commemorate the Coronation of the King. We planted some acorns from the Royal Forest at Windsor, which came up all right and grew to about a foot in height. All these little trees have been cut down by the last frost, the leaves being shrivelled up. It would be interesting to know why the oaks have suffered, while the other trees have escaped.—THOMAS W. DOWNING.

THE CARYATIDES IN PARK LANE.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—Your remarks in a paragraph of last week's COUNTRY LIFE about the lead figures in Park Lane being poison to their recent owner and meat to the present one hardly applies in that case, for the owner, a lady, is one and the same in either case. For certain reasons she sold No. 3, Seamore Place, and bought the house almost next door, and so much appreciated these same figures that she had them transferred to her new home.—F. S. A.

[We are delighted to learn that the ownership of this most distinctive balcony remains the same.—ED.]

FIRST MATERNAL ATTENTIONS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a snapshot taken May 8th, 1914, about a quarter of an hour after the birth of the kid, it shows the mother giving it first maternal attentions. — N. F. DUNCAN, St. Juban's Vicarage, Shrewsbury.



THE "LADY COW" OR "COW LADY."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—One of the most interesting insects is the coleopterous "fly-beetle," known to countryside folk as the "lady cow," "cow lady," and to their children as "cushy-cow lady," which both old and young people were careful not to injure in any way, as to do it harm would bring the doer bad luck. Looking back through many years I recall the juvenile idea that they were so called because of the number of cattle then to be seen in the fields—red with black patches or spots about their bodies—and the "cow lady" held some relation in idea to "cushy-cows" in the fields which had markings like the little "fly-beetle," as we call them. Both old and young people treated the "cow lady" with much respect, and when one was found on the ground it was taken up tenderly, put on the finger-nail, given a toss with the words as it flew away:

Lady bird (or cow), fly away home,
Your house is afire
Your children will burn,
All but one—Mary Ann—
Who sits on the ground
Under a pan
Writing a letter as fast as a can.

Many girls as they passed along would pull one off the wayside grasses, and toss it, saying:

Lady bird, lady bird, fly away
Unto where my true love lay.

They were also taken home by children and tossed from cottage bedroom windows with the notion of carrying away good luck to their friends at a distance. This lady-like beetle was known by quite a number of other names—as "lady Mary," "lady clocker," "cush-cush"—the ordinary name for a "cush-cow"—"lady red coat," as well as "Lady Landers." Can anyone say really why it is associated with "a cow?"—THOS. RATCLIFFE.

FURCREA BEDINGHAUSII.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—My attention was called on May 12th to a letter which appeared in your issue of February 21st last from Mr. F. C. Coleman, in which he stated that a certain plant, Furcraea Bedinghausii, was grown in my garden

here. I do not know where Mr. Coleman got this information from, but as this particular plant was grown in the garden of Mr. J. Hart of Treslothan, Camborne, who is head-gardener to Mr. W. C. Pendarves of Pendarves, Camborne, I consider it would only be doing Mr. Hart justice to correct this error. I therefore trust you will find space to insert this letter.—WILLIAM EDWARD WHITE, 2, St. Martin's Villa, Pendarves Road, Camborne.

A CHINESE SUNSET.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I enclose a photograph taken at sunset near Woosung, which I trust may be of use to you for COUNTRY LIFE.—K. L. MURRAY, Shanghai.



A FAR EASTERN SUNSET.

A VILLAGE CLUB YEARS AGO.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The last line of your short article on "A Village Club of the Nineteenth

Century" is capable of some explanation. I remember such a club for "pig" purposes some seventy years ago, and each year the members came to my father to "righten" the money—in fact, act as auditor to see how the "brass" stood and if there "wer owt ter divide" at Christmas. There was generally a bit left after "pig-stickin' time." The club was for the purpose of covering losses in "pig-piggin," measles or "stoggin," the last meaning "bowel obstruction," "constipation" being an unknown word to a cottager.—T. R.

A BABY FOX CUB.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send you a photograph of a



GIVING THE BABY ITS BOTTLE.

fox-cub, which was given to my groom to rear owing to the vixen being disturbed.—E. VANSITTART FRERE.

SNAKE CATCHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—To some readers this may seem a very weird and peculiar hobby. I can only say I find it most interesting. From April 10th to April 29th I was adder hunting, for the most part at Swanage, Dorset, about two miles from which are some old, disused Purbeck stone quarries. These are more or less round or semi-circular, from about 36ft. to 48ft. long, and from 4ft. to 6ft. deep. They are filled with undergrowth, particularly bramble bushes, and large flat slabs of stone. On these loose stones, when heated by the sun, the adder comes forth to bask, ready at the slightest sound or movement to glide under the stones concealed by the bush. The following is a good instance of what generally happens on entering a hollow: On April 26th I went down one of the numerous hollows. In a large bramble bush on the sloping side I heard a rustle of an adder gliding in. It did not go quickly, as I had taken care to make as little noise as possible. By looking under the bush I could just see it disappearing under a stone. I then set myself to wait until it should come out again. I got within about a yard or so of the bush, balancing myself as well as possible on a rocking stone. After about seven minutes my legs began to ache a bit; but it was not long before I heard the rustling of the adder approaching through the bush. In a few seconds he appeared, a white male, beautifully marked with a chain of jet black down the back. His ugly head, with red, unblinking eyes, made him look the very incarnation of devilry. Slowly, and with guarded movements, he approached me, all the time putting out his long-forked tongue. Winding in and out of brambles and over loose stones, he made for a large, flat slab almost at my feet. (During this time your every nerve is strung to the highest pitch of excitement, and every moment you expect your heart to jump out of your mouth.) Now, half the reptile's body was on the flat stone, and I made a "shot" with my long, forked stick and caught it at about the middle of

the body. I then reached for my tongs at my belt and picked up the infuriated reptile (which was all the time biting hard at my stick) behind the head. I then put it in a tin, suddenly releasing the neck of the adder and clapping on the lid. When the tin is full I saturate a piece of cotton-wool, the size of your thumbnail, in chloroform, drop it in and quickly put the top on. In about five or six minutes the adders are dead and ready for preserving. Altogether this April, I and another friend (Mr. Arthur Hayman), who accompanied me on the 24th and 25th ult., have caught forty-one snakes, thirty-two of which were adders.—N. TURVEY.

FOX-TERRIER MOTHERING CHICKENS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you the photograph of our smooth-haired fox-terrier, Cora, and her adopted family. She was born on our place and will be twelve years old on the "Day of St. Swithin." Her great delight has always been every spring, when the chickens were hatched, running about with or sitting



CORA WITH HER ADOPTED FAMILY.

in the paddock watching them. She is a deadly foe to stray cats. My husband one year had a brood of game chicks, which he expressly wished the hen to mother. When they were several days old the hen appeared in the yard in great distress without her chicks. After a long search we found Cora under an old desk in the dining-room, crouched down in a far corner, the chickens snuggled to her. One night in the hay time, after we had closed all the coops for the night, we missed Cora. After calling to her and waiting, we saw her struggling through the long grass, turning back, then waiting. When she got through she had a chicken trotting behind her; we had not missed it, but she had. Another time my husband was ill upstairs, and she found a dead chicken, which she brought from the paddock down the broad walk and upstairs, laying it on the doormat. She waited until the door opened, when she brought it in and took it to him. Last year when the first chicken was brought in she jumped into the easy chair. We gave it to her, when she sat from six o'clock until ten, perfectly still.

Although she is a good ratter and kills stray birds, she never touches the chickens to injure them, and is both affectionate and obedient.—M. B. CLARK.

ROOING.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—I send a photograph showing the way in which the fine Shetland wool, from which the famous shawls are made, is collected. The sheep are not sheared in southern fashion, because the wool so obtained would be too coarse, but the fleece is left until it is about to be shed and the loose wool then plucked by hand. The wool fetches a very high price.—WILLIAM J. GORDON.



ROOING: PLUCKING THE WOOL OFF THE SHETLAND SHEEP.